

THE GEOGRAPHIC

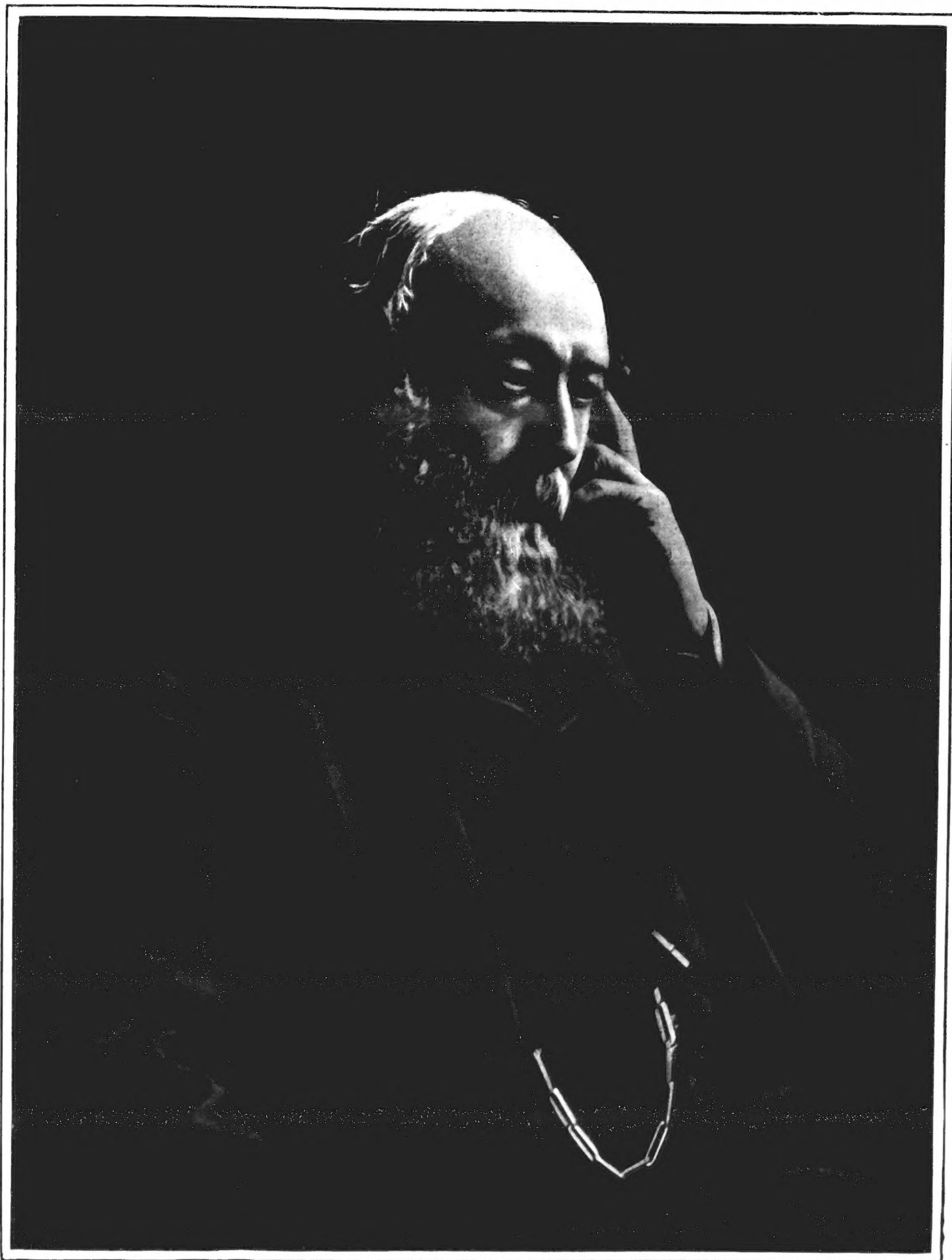
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The Return of Lord Kitchener" and
Frontispiece to Vol. LXVI.

PRICE NINEPENCE
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A GREAT PRIME MINISTER: THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

WHO IS RETIRING AFTER A PARLIAMENTARY CAREER EXTENDING OVER FORTY-NINE YEARS

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons

Topics of the Week

A GREAT figure has stepped down from the stage of English politics. With Lord Salisbury's retirement from the Premiership, there disappears not only the foremost English statesman of his day but the most conspicuous personality and one of the loftiest characters in the public life of Christendom. The great influence wielded by Lord Salisbury in a democratic age and system with which he had scant sympathy is a striking illustration of the power exercised by high character, lofty motives and the purest patriotism. A relic of the hard-shell Toryism which Mr. Disraeli scotched when "he caught the Whigs bathing and ran away with their clothes," without any of the dangerous flexibility of political conviction which distinguished Mr. Gladstone, and wholly devoid of those arts of the demagogue which to-day are an essential condition of public success, Lord Salisbury yet managed to find a following at the polls larger than any English statesman ever enjoyed before, and to secure a degree of confidence at the hands of the nation which has scarcely any parallel. The reason of this is not far to seek. Lord Salisbury appealed to the imagination of the people chiefly because he belonged to another age. He was of an epoch when the grand manner ruled in politics and great personages steered the ships of state. He was a survival of the last great dramas of European history, and the world looked upon him as a sort of Nestor ripe with wisdom, rich in experience and, above all, imbued with that great sense of responsibility which is so conspicuously absent from the mediocrities produced by our present democratic régime. In an age when the pace often raises misgivings Lord Salisbury was a security against disastrous accidents. He was essentially a cautious man, and he had the courage to practise his prudence. His influence on domestic politics was consequently healthy, and if the extremists sometimes chafed at his old-fashioned notions they were compelled in the end to acknowledge that the situation gained in stability through him. There have been greater names in English history than that of Lord Salisbury, but no Minister could ever point to so favourable a condition of the country and the Empire as that which attended his administration. The reason is that his known prudence, his hatred of "leaps in the dark," his aversion to political experiments, produced on all sides a confidence and stability which permitted the genius of the people to produce its best fruits. He was the reverse of a Reformer, and was never an enthusiast for the new Imperialism, and yet the people prospered and the Empire became more and more of a living reality under his guidance. As a constructive statesman he was seen at his best in Foreign Affairs. There his grand manner and grand traditions found a sympathetic milieu. Diplomatic intercourse has suffered little from the modifying influences of democracy, and Lord Salisbury was, consequently, in his element whenever he had to deal with foreign Chancelleries and to study international problems. One of these days, when this aspect of his career comes to be investigated in the light of all the materials, it will be found that Lord Salisbury was a very great Foreign Minister. He was great in his conception of policy, and he brought the very highest qualities to bear on diplomatic negotiations. No man ever exercised so complete a mastery over the whole complex field of the foreign interests of the nation as he. He was subtle, far-seeing, and, when the necessity arose, bold and courageous. It was the fashion at one time to talk slightly of his "graceful concessions," but his triumphant management of the Fashoda Question gave the *coup de grâce* to that legend. What the Empire owes to his vigilance and diplomacy during the South African War, when the whole world was hungering to profit by our preoccupations, will, perhaps, never be fully known, but the debt must be a large one. Besides these qualities and services, the nation is indebted to Lord Salisbury for nearly fifty years of devoted labour on its behalf, and for a fine example of integrity and high principles in both public and private life. He has earned the admiration, the gratitude, and the deep affection of all Englishmen, and he carries with him into his retirement the assurance that his memory will live long in the hearts of his countrymen and will be imperishable in their public records.

The New Premier

THE appointment of Mr. Balfour to the Premiership is generally recognised as the best that could have been made under the very difficult circumstances created by Lord Salisbury's retirement. It has long been recognised that it is inconvenient to have the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, and though that inconvenience was accepted without complaint in the case of Lord Salisbury, it would have been resented in the case of men of lesser calibre. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, has had long experience as Leader of the House of Commons, and in that capacity has had to discharge many duties which properly belong to the Prime Minister. To a large extent he will be continuing, with added responsibility, the work that has long been his. That he will be able to face the added responsibility is the hope and expectation of all who have watched his brilliant parliamentary career. That difficulties of a very serious character already await him is indicated by the announcement that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach proposes shortly to resign; but with the goodwill of the House of Commons and the confidence of the country to support him, there is every reason to anticipate his success in the great task he has undertaken.

The King at Work

MORE than all the medical bulletins together, the personal reception by the King of Lord Salisbury and Lord Kitchener convinced the nation that His Majesty had really made astonishingly quick progress towards convalescence. The eminent doctors in attendance could not possibly bear such direct and irrefutable testimony on that point as came from his own personal feeling. His Majesty is so anxious to return to the active life he has always rejoiced in, that he would not have risked the strain of these interviews had he not felt convalescent to some extent. And, after all, there is nothing more conducive to the restoration of health than the patient's own sense of having shaken off the worst of his malady. There is every reason to anticipate, therefore, that the salubrious breezes of the Channel will soon complete the process of physical rehabilitation which, thanks to the King's magnificent constitution, has gained ground with such phenomenal speed. His robustness has always been remarkable; coming of a long-lived, as well as a long-descended, Royal Family, he has inherited a constitutional vigour which, on the present occasion, as when he was stricken down with typhoid, brought him safely out of the very antechamber of death. Happily, too, medical authorities agree that no after-consequences of a serious nature need be feared. Their opinion is understood to be, on the contrary, that the King will enjoy better health than ever, partly through a period of rest having been enforced by his illness. In any case, it is certain that the terrible trial he has gone through with such admirable courage has heightened the national pride in a Sovereign who shares with his subjects, but in special measure, the national quality of personal pluck.

The South-African Constabulary

GOOD progress is already made, it appears, in the substitution of police for military control in the Orange River Colony. Some thousands of the South African Constabulary are spread over the country in such a manner as to insure daily patrolling of every part, and, odd to say, the returned burghers highly appreciate the protection thus afforded by the very men who, a little time back, tried to shoot them down whenever chanced upon. The Constabulary is chiefly composed of ex-soldiers, Regulars and Irregulars, and having had some experience of Boer ways and habits, its members will not be so likely to commit mistakes in the performance of their duties as newcomers might be. The Transvaal will have to wait a little time for the extension of this protective system north of the Vaal. Many soldiers who have given in their names for the Constabulary are still needed for military work, and until they are set free, General Baden-Powell will be short of constables for the patrolling of both of the new colonies in an effective manner. The number originally estimated as sufficient for the purpose was 10,000, and the present muster-roll of the force shows about that strength on paper. But it is doubtful whether gaps will not have to be filled here and there, while some authorities consider that, if the work is to be efficiently done, two or three thousand additional constables will have to be recruited. There should be no difficulty in complying with that

"EIGHT FEET HIGH: THE WOES OF THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH"

(With Portrait).

And the Monthly Article on

"NEW POSTAGE STAMPS"

(Illustrated).

Are among the interesting features of this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

requirement; all accounts agree that very large numbers of Reservists, Militia, and Imperial Yeomanry desire to remain in South Africa, and there can be little question about their willingness to join the Constabulary if invited. Good character is rightly made the chief governing condition for acceptance, but it is the universal testimony of the commanders that the Irregular troops were, as a rule, models of excellent conduct throughout the campaign.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LONDON Society has latterly been given up to concerts and bazaars. The concerts have been of the highest class, in which Melba, Calvé, Caruso and Kubelik have taken part, the hostesses being Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Adair, and the Duchess of Westminster. It needs money to be able to give concerts on so great a scale, for the prices asked by the great artists amount to large sums. Paderewski will not play for less than 1,000*l.*, and the sums given to singers range from five hundred downwards. There is a great charm about private concerts where you can sit comfortably in silence and listen to the pick of an artist's repertoire. Some people find the opera tiring owing to its length, the Wagner operas especially, which cause a distinct mental effort; but at a concert the variety of the pieces and their brevity make music a pleasure, even to the least artistic, while the near proximity of the artists increases the interest. We in England have at last learnt to listen and not to chatter during a fine performance.

Bazaars have reached their zenith. The Coronation Bazaar was a feast for the eyes. The pretty rustic *mis-en-scène*, with the green trellis-work of the stalls, and the roses climbing over them; the presence of the Queen and Princesses, and of innumerable Duchesses, Marchionesses and Countesses, and the quaint Greenaway-costumed programme-sellers threw a halo around. Then the stalls were filled with really valuable articles, fit for the purse of a millionaire; the biggest diamond to be obtained, worth 10,000*l.*, was nestling in a pretty woman's hand and shown to all beholders. Princess Pless presided at a counter whereon Imperial china, given by the Emperor of Germany, was displayed; the Stock Exchange sent a cheque for 1,000*l.* in a dainty little silver case, and also a collection of beautiful silver; Baroness Clifton, a sweet little mite of three, made her *début* in Society by curtsying to the Queen and offering her the children's souvenir, afterwards revenging herself by complaining that the Queen did not wear a crown—sweet illusion of all our childhood's dreams, when a Queen without a crown would have seemed the purest anachronism.

Lovely Americans proffered candies and caramels, and bold girls went up to every available man and offered to make all kind of eye-openers to refresh his body while they lightened his pocket. Others sold gold-tipped cigarettes and a match for half-a-crown, quite a moderate bargain, while the refreshments and the old prints drove a roaring trade. Who can say that the aristocracy do not understand trade? They are the staunchest sellers, the most persevering, persuasive traders, the most unflinching hands at a bargain to be found anywhere. The only wonder is, when all the world is selling, who are the brave and generous souls ready to barter good money for things they probably neither want nor value, and spend weary hours in staring and pushing in a crowd.

Now that a Cabinet Minister has been nearly killed, and several other members of Parliament injured in cab accidents, we may hope to see the improvement or abolition of hansoms. They are useless vehicles, affording no protection in bad weather, very heavy up or down hill, and dangerous exceedingly; they are the cause of ruin to ladies' dresses, and vex the soul of the pedestrian, who sees his spotless shirt-front splashed with mud. The streets in London are a disgrace, always deep in mud, or else as slippery as glass, and the hansom is quite the worst carriage possible under the circumstances. A well-equipped, well-horsed four-wheeler would be preferable, or the neat little *coupe* on a Victoria of foreign countries. Will no one seriously take the matter up in the interests of ladies and Cabinet Ministers?

The death of the Duchess of Athol abroad, where she had gone to seek health, was sad and unexpected. She was the eldest of the beautiful Moncreiffs, who at one time dazzled London with their auburn hair and their good looks, and lived a peculiarly feudal and domestic life at Blair Athol. Kilts, bagpipes, and all the Scotch accessories were the order of the day there, and "haggis" never failed to make its appearance on the table.

Now that poetry is out of fashion and has become an unsaleable quantity, it is surprising that some enterprising person does not take up the profession of perambulating poet, reciting his verses to music, as is the practice of the masked musician and the Pierrots, who pick up an excellent living at regattas, race-courses, and watering-places. The exercise is healthy, the fresh air pleasant, and the applause and pecuniary rewards immediate. It would be only returning to the days of the Welsh bards or the Greek reciters of Homer's time.

A somewhat amusing experience befell a friend of mine who was in an omnibus during the Coronation week. A beautifully dressed and made-up lady sat opposite to him with a little girl. Presently an Oriental, dusky-skinned and polished, entered the vehicle. He was suffering from the heat, and took the opportunity of wiping his face, afterwards putting his handkerchief on his knees. The little girl, who had watched the process with great interest, turned to her mother and said, "See, mother, the stuff on his face does not come off as yours does."

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All information regarding special excursions and cheap fares can be had at any of the offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons, or Messrs. Henry Gaze and Sons. R. A. ATKINS, J.P., HONORARY SECRETARY.

Mr. Balfour

WHEN Mr. Balfour first made his appearance in the House of Commons in 1874, as member for the quasi pocket borough of Hertford, no one would have ventured to prophesy that this very slender shoot of the Cecil family would one day become Prime Minister of England. Still less would that prophecy have been made when Mr. Balfour began his first essay in Parliamentary warfare as a member of the Fourth Party. For he was not even the leader of that little group of four. Sir John Gorst was its brain; Lord Randolph was its right arm; Drummond Wolf was an active scout; but Arthur Balfour was only a gentleman soldier, greatly given to taking frequent leave of absence. He was rather a butt for the wits of the House than a serious member even of the Fourth Party.

His subsequent appointment to the Secretaryship for Scotland by Lord Salisbury attracted little notice. The office was politically unimportant, and Mr. Balfour's record while he held it is a blank. The real surprise was the announcement that Mr. Arthur Balfour had been appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish Secretaryship was not then the comparative sinecure it has since become. There was blood on the Irish hillsides and nightly uproar on the Irish benches at Westminster. The idea that this nephew of the Premier, with his dilettante manners, could crush disorder in Ireland and face the howling pack of Irish members seemed highly problematical. But Mr. Balfour did it with an intuition denied to blunter natures; he realised that much, if not most, of the Irish agitation was the purest play acting; that it was part of the game of the Irish Press and the Irish politicians to squeal as if they were really hurt, when in sober truth their main anxiety was to have an excuse for squealing. Mr. Balfour, therefore, closed his ears to the storm of abuse that greeted him as it had greeted previous Irish Secretaries. It was his duty as Chief Secretary to protect the lives and civil liberties of the subjects of the Queen in Ireland, and he did it. In addition, he grappled with the serious economic problem presented by the congested districts, and, by means of light railways and kindred devices, did something to improve the lot of a miserable population clinging to barren mountains too poor to support them. His success in Ireland was so complete, that his later appointment to the Leadership of the House of Commons was accepted by everybody as a perfectly natural step. In this latter capacity his success has varied. In some sessions his leadership has given universal satisfaction; in others it has been marked by a slackness and want of vigour that have provoked a good deal of grumbling. An examination of the history of these respective sessions shows clearly that Mr. Balfour needs the stimulus of a fight to bring out his best qualities. Whenever he is attacked, either by his political opponents or by discontented members of his own party, he hits back in a way which shows the strength hidden beneath his affectations of languor and indifference. Yet his blows never leave ugly bruises. His most constant opponents are the keenest to recognise his essential courtesy, and he is probably even more popular with the Opposition than with his own supporters. For the success of his Premiership the most important condition is the strength of the opposing party. If the Liberals can rouse themselves to fight the new Ministry as an Opposition ought to fight, Mr. Balfour also will rouse himself to meet the attacks, and the

chances are that he will not come off second best. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUE"

THE Earl Marshal announced on Saturday last that the Coronation is to take place early in August, if the King is then sufficiently strong to undergo the fatigue and the excitement which the ceremony and its accompaniments must cause him. It has also been announced in several newspapers that the procession to the Abbey and back to

several of the older clubs in Pall Mall and St. James's Street are barely paying their way.

The old clubs have much to contend against in these days. They are seldom now famous for their cooking, for few clubs can pay a *chef* the salary which he can get at a big hotel. As the best cooking, therefore, is to be had at these hotels, and at the fashionable restaurants, many members dine more at these than at the clubs. That must obviously affect the receipts. Moreover, the members who most use the clubs now are those who are the least able to afford expensive wines—many of them content themselves with whiskey and effervescing water. A club which has to maintain a large staff of servants, and does little coffee-room business, is on the road to ruin, for the coffee-room should go far towards feeding the staff.

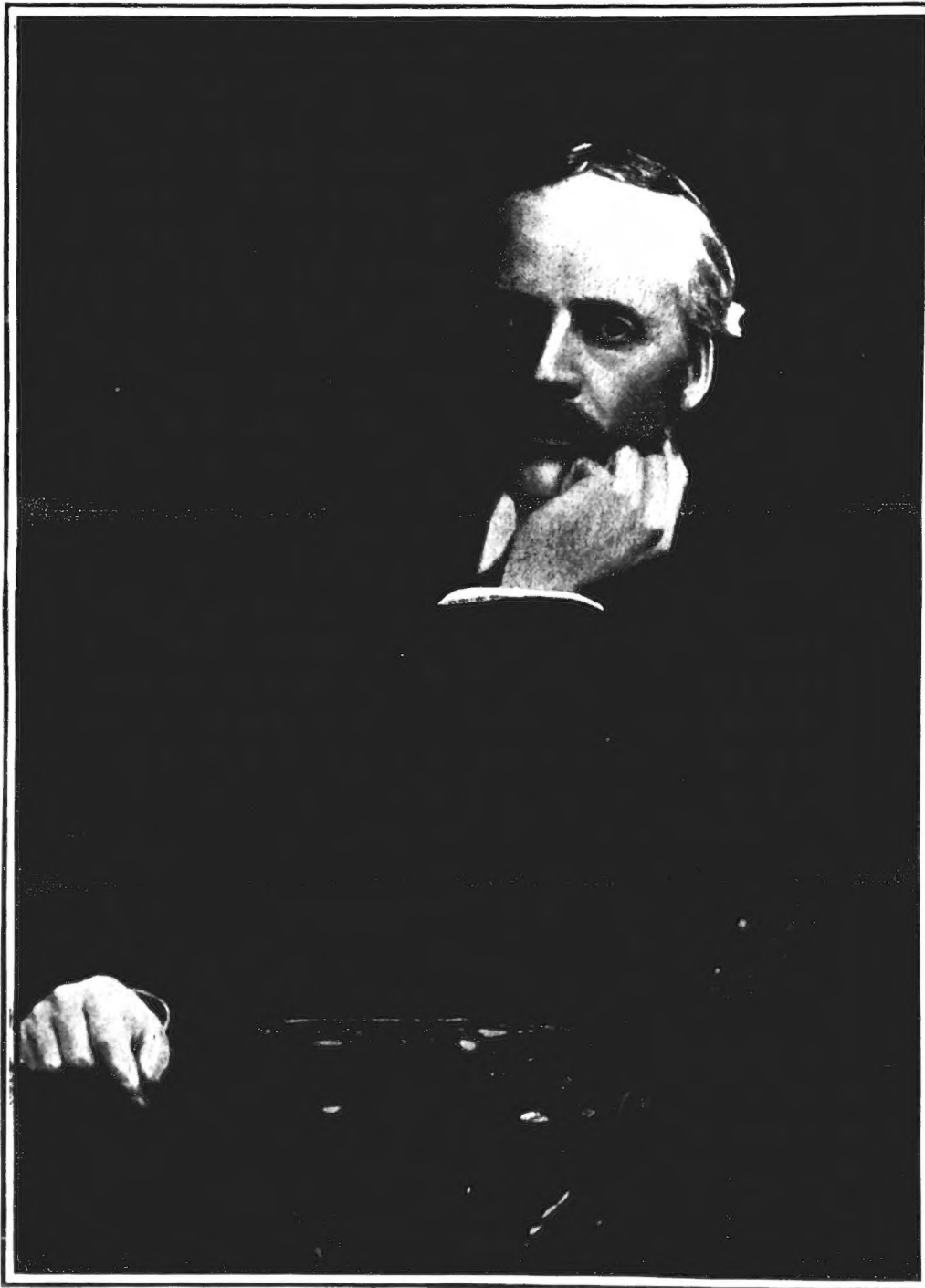
The reasons why the big clubs prosper is that, first, the amount received in entrance fees and subscriptions is much in excess of what is required to pay the rent of the house and the ordinary expenses; and, second, because out of a large membership there is almost always a sufficient number of men who use the coffee-room to enable the staff to be kept, or almost kept.

The Order of Merit which His Majesty has recently founded is an imitation of a similar Order which exists in Germany. In that country, however, the Order is divided into two classes—the military and the civil. The Emperor appoints the members of the former; the members of the latter suggest to him the names of those who they believe to be worthy of receiving the distinction. It is considered probable that in the near future this system will be introduced in this country, for it would not be satisfactory were Ministers, who are themselves not worthy to be enrolled to decide who is. In due course, therefore, the Order of Merit will become almost an equivalent to the Académie in France, and it would not be surprising were the number of members in due course increased, and were the Order to acquire a home of its own.

The distinctions recently conferred upon certain medical men who are in attendance on the King were given to them in recognition of past services, not for those which they are rendering to His Majesty in connection with his present illness. It is, therefore, almost certain that the doctors who are attending the King will receive further rewards, so soon as an opportunity occurs. These rewards would probably take the form of a Viscounty in the case of Lord Lister, and of Peerages in one, if not in two other instances. It is one of the pleasantest privileges of a Sovereign to be able to grant such distinctions to those medical men who have successfully

battled for them against death or discomfort.

Members of Parliament are, as a rule, opposed to an autumn Session, but the London tradespeople always welcome it, and will do so more this year after the recent series of bad "Seasons" and the collapse of the Coronation festivities. The forthcoming autumn Session will certainly revive this year the autumn "Season," a pleasant period which has of late been much interfered with by the new custom of spending these months on the Continent or in the country. Formerly there was a great deal of entertaining in the West End in the autumn months, and it was of the most agreeable kind, for it was much more informal than during the summer "Season." It is hoped that their Majesties will help to revive the fast-dying autumn hospitality in London this year, in doing which they would render a service both to the rich and to the poor.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.
WHO SUCCEEDS LORD SALISBURY AS PRIME MINISTER

the Palace will pass along the thoroughfares which were originally chosen. Both in London and in the provinces the announcement has been received with the greatest pleasure, for it affords a proof that His Majesty is recovering rapidly.

At many of the clubs the members who had obtained seats for the postponed procession have forfeited half of the amount they paid. That could not be avoided, for it would have been grossly unfair to make the members generally pay for the stands and the food which they were not to have used. Were the committees to decide to re-erect the stands now they would not sell sufficient seats to defray the expense, and the clubs would suffer a serious pecuniary loss. That would mean ruin to more than one of those institutions, for

The Maharaja of Kolhapur



Sir Pertab Singh

Lord Cromer

Sir Robert Bond

Lord Lansdowne

Lord Halsbury

Sir W. Laurier

The Empire Coronation banquet at the Guildhall was organised by the Royal Colonial Institute, the British Empire League, the Colonial Club, the Australasian Club, and the Australasian Chamber of Commerce in London. Although deprived of much of its interest by the absence of Mr. Chamberlain, who was to have presided, it was a remarkable and interesting gathering. The Earl of Onslow (Under Secretary of State for the Colonies) occupied the chair, and among those present were the Lord Chancellor, Earl Gladstone, the Marquess of Lorne, Lord Ashbourne, His Highness the Maharaja of Kolhapur, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Edmund Barton, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Sir Albert Hime, Sir Robert Bond, His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner, Lieutenant-Colonel His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin-Bihar,

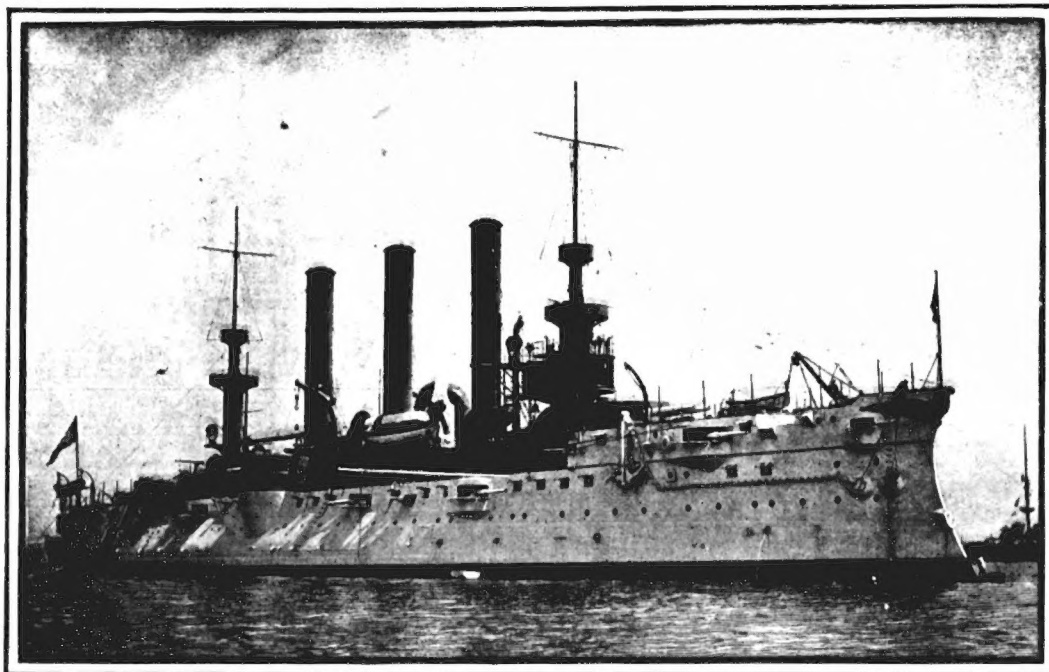
Colonel His Highness Sir Pertab Singh, Lord Strathcona, Sir J. West Ridgeway, Sir Walter J. Sendall, His Highness Sir Sultan Muhammed, Shah Aga Khan, General Lord Grenfell, Sir William Macgregor, the Earl of Cromer, Sir John Forrest, Lord Kelvin, Lord Brassey, Sir Charles Tupper and the Hon. W. P. Reeves. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Edmund Barton both made notable speeches in response to the toast of "The United Empire," proposed by the chairman. The Maharaja of Kolhapur replied for India, Sir J. West Ridgeway for the Crown Colonies, and Sir J. Gordon Sprigg proposed the toast of the "Chairman."

THE EMPIRE CORONATION BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL: "THE KING"

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The Late Lord Pauncefote

THE remains of Lord Pauncefote were landed at Southampton Docks from the American warship *Brooklyn* on Monday. When the *Brooklyn* came into the docks the coffin was on the quarter-deck, covered with the Union flag and bearing a magnificent wreath of palm-leaves tied with white ribbons, the tribute of respect rendered by the Diplomatic Corps of Washington. Lady Pauncefote and her three daughters, with other relatives, were at the quay, where also were guards of honour of 100 bluejackets from the *Excellent* and 100 marines from the *Duke of Wellington*. Twenty bluejackets from the *Narcissus* acted as bearer-party, and the band of the *Excellent* was in attendance. Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and Staff-Captain Hamilton and several other naval officers followed the remains ashore, as did also Admiral Coghlan and the officers of the *Brooklyn*. The bands of the *Brooklyn*

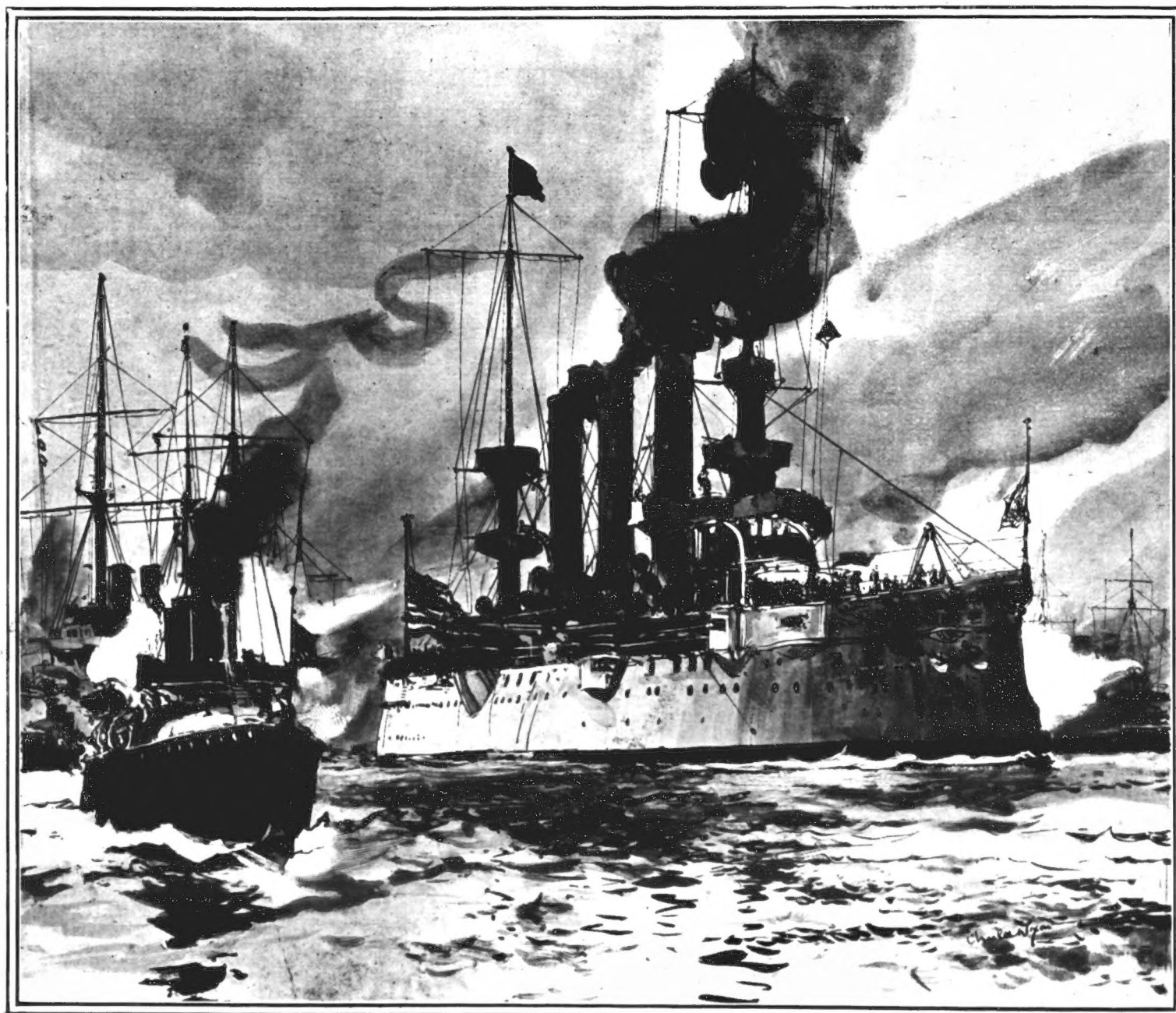


THE U.S. BATTLESHIP "BROOKLYN," WHICH BROUGHT LORD PAUNCEFOTE'S REMAINS TO ENGLAND

From a Photograph by West and Son, Southsea

and *Excellent* played funeral marches, and minute guns were fired by the *Brooklyn* and the British warships in the river. The coffin was put on board a special train for Newark-on-Trent, where the funeral took place on Tuesday.

THE engraver of the Bank of France is not to be envied in regard to the conditions under which he works. The bank is about to issue a new thousand-franc note, and the engraver has been working at the plates for the last eighteen months. Each morning he arrives at the bank, where a special room is reserved for him. Here one of the most trusted of the bank messengers receives him, locks him in, and mounts guard outside the door. In the evening all the plates and accessories are put in a box, which is sealed up and transported to the vaults below, where it is locked up for the night. The new note is to have eight shades of colour, and the bank officials say that it will defy the most expert forger. The number of colours is designed to prevent reproduction by photographing.



THE "BROOKLYN," WITH LORD PAUNCEFOTE'S REMAINS ON BOARD, ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF ANHALT-BERNBURG
The Queen's Aunt



THE REV. P. W. WYATT

Who were married last Saturday



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS DE LA WARR



THE LATE MRS. ALEXANDER
Novelist

Our Portraits

THE Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg had been ailing for some time and died at Alexis Bad. Her Royal Highness was the eldest child of Duke William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and sister of the present King Christian IX. of Denmark. She was consequently an aunt of Queen Alexandra. She was born at Gottorp on October 9, 1811, and received the baptismal names of Friedrike Caroline Julienne. On October 30, 1834, she was married to Alexander, Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg. She had no children, and when her husband died in 1863 the Anhalt-Bernburg line became extinct. The Duchess was the last to bear the name of Anhalt-Bernburg, which was the name of one of the four subdivisions of the Duchy of Anhalt, dating back to 1603. Queen Alexandra was much attached to her aged aunt, and it is understood had been deeply grieved by her serious illness, which at her advanced age could only have one ending. Our portrait is by Bernhard Ballenstedt.

The Dowager Countess de la Warr, daughter of the late Lord

Lamington, was married last Saturday to the Rev. Paul William Wyatt, Chaplain of the Savoy and of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Southwark, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and the Rev. V. P. Wyatt, the bridegroom's brother. Lady de la Warr was given away by her brother, Lord Lamington. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at lunch by the bride at her residence, 25, Chesham Street. Our portrait of the bride is by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, Regent's Park, and that of the bridegroom is by Flake and Edgar, Bedford.

Mrs. Alexander Hector, better known to the novel-reading public as Mrs. Alexander, was seventy-seven years of age. She was born in Dublin in 1825, and was educated in that city and in France. She was a voluminous writer, and though of late her novels had gone rather out of vogue, everyone will remember the great popularity of "Which Shall it Be?" "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," and "The Freres." Among her later works were "The Yellow Fiend," and "Brown, V.C." Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

THE INTERESTING EXHIBITION of antique plate and jewels now being held at St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, is well worth a visit. The collection may be regarded as a continuation of that shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile Row, little more than a year ago, which helped so much to induce an appreciation of old English silver, that the prices obtained for it have since almost doubled. The present collection, on the contrary, is almost entirely contributed from the plate chests of the English aristocracy, and is especially interesting as an indication of the unsuspected wealth of silver-work still possessed by our county families, the value of which is possibly scarcely as yet appreciated by the owners. Amongst the exhibits of historic interest is the chalice from which Charles I. took his last Communion. Another silver exhibit is the exquisite ewer and rose-water dish of the time of Queen Mary, belonging to Lord Newton, and probably worth at least 10,000l., and parts of the nearly contemporary regalia lent by the Earl of Ancaster. Of historic interest also is the sumptuous toilet service believed to have been presented by Charles II. to the beautiful Miss Stewart.



The Royal Horse Guards gave to their Colonial comrades in arms at Albany Street Barracks, last week, an excellent entertainment. The hospitalities of the Blues began in the officers' messroom, where eighty officers, Blues and Colonials, met and dined. Lord Binning, the colonel of the regiment, presided; Lord Onslow representing the Colonial Office (Mr. Chamberlain would have come but for his accident), and Major-General T. A. Cooke, Commandant of the camp at the Alexandra Palace, were among the guests. Officers and men from all the Colonial corps were represented. The latter part of the entertainment took

place in the Riding School, which was hung with the flags of Great Britain and Ireland and the Colonies, festooned with Chinese lanterns and fairy lights, decorated with plants and flowers, and crowded from end to end with men in the highest spirits. Round tables were set out with sandwiches and fruit and cooling drinks, while at one end of the school was a pretty stage with footlights. The variety entertainment, which was then given, included many popular favourites—George Robey, Ian Colquhoun, Miss Nina Martino, and others. The proceedings concluded with all singing the National Anthem.

THE ENTERTAINMENT TO COLONIALS GIVEN BY THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS AT ALBANY STREET BARRACKS

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



The Coronation Bazaar at the Botanical Gardens was in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, an institution in which the Queen has always taken the greatest possible interest. Her Majesty, escorted by the Duke of Fife, and accompanied by her three daughters, the Duchess of Aosta, the Greek

and Danish Princes, and numerous members of our own Royal Family, made the tour of the stalls, buying something at each. The bazaar was in every way a great success, and the takings for the three days amounted to over 25,000l.

THE QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF THE CORONATION BAZAAR AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



"She held the sleeping little one towards him, at whom he gazed earnestly, yes, and bent down and kissed it"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER V.

MIRIAM IS ENTHRONED

PRESENTLY Nehushta found herself out of sight of the sea and among cultivated land, for here were vines and fig trees grown in gardens fenced with stone walls; also patches of ripening barley and of wheat in the ear, much trodden down as though horses had been feeding there. Beyond these gardens she came to a ridge, and saw beneath her a village of many houses of green brick, some of which seemed to have been destroyed by fire. Into this village she walked boldly, and there the first sight that met her eyes was that of sundry dead bodies, upon which dogs were feeding.

On she went up the main street, till she saw a woman peeping at her over a garden wall.

"What has chanced here?" asked Nehushta, in the Syrian tongue.

"The Romans! the Romans! the Romans!" wailed the woman. "The head of our village quarrelled with the tax-gatherers, and refused to pay his dues to Cæsar. So the soldiers came a week ago and slaughtered nearly all of us, and took such sheep and cattle as they could find, and with them many of the young folk, to be sold as slaves, so that the rest are left empty and desolate. Such are the things that chance in this unhappy land. But, woman, who are you?"

"I am one shipwrecked!" answered Nehushta, "and I bear with [Copyright, 1902, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America.]

me a new-born babe—nay, the story is too long to tell you, but if in this place there is anyone who can nurse the babe, I will pay her well."

"Give it me!" said the woman in an eager whisper. "My child perished in the slaughter; I ask no reward."

Nehushta looked at her. Her eyes were wild, but she was young and healthy, a Syrian peasant.

"Have you a house?" she asked.

"Yes, it still stands, and my husband lives; we hid in a cave, but, alas! they slew the infant that was out with the child of a neighbour. Quick, give me the babe."

So Nehushta gave it to her, and thus Miriam was nurtured at the breast of one whose offspring had been murdered, because the head of the village had quarrelled with a Roman tax-collector. Such was the world in the days when Christ came to save it.

After she had suckled the child the woman led Nehushta to her house, a humble dwelling that had escaped the fire, where they found the husband, a wine-grower, mourning the death of his infant and the ruin of his town. To him she told as much of her story as she thought well, and proffered him a gold piece, which, so she swore, was one of ten she had about her. He took it gladly, for now he was penniless, and promised her lodging and protection, and the service of his wife as nurse to the child for a month at least. So there Nehushta stayed, keeping herself hid, and at the end of a month gave another gold piece to her hosts, who were kindly folk that never dreamed of working her evil or injustice.

Seeing this, Nehushta found yet more money, wherewith the man, blessing her, bought two oxen and a plough, and hired labour to help him gather what remained of his harvest.

The shore where the infant was born upon the wrecked ship was at a distance of about five leagues from Joppa and two days' journey from Jerusalem, whence the Dead Sea could be reached in another two days. When Nehushta had dwelt there for some six months, as the babe thrived and was hearty, she offered to pay the man and his wife three more pieces of gold if they would travel with her to the neighbourhood of Jericho, and, further, to purchase a mule and an ass for the journey, which she would give to them when it was accomplished. The eyes of these simple folk glistened at the prospect of so much wealth, and they agreed readily, promising also to stay three months by Jericho, if need were, till the child could be weaned. So a man was hired to guard the house and vines, and they started in the late autumn, when the air was cool and pleasant.

Of their journey nothing need be said, save that they accomplished it without trouble, being too humble in appearance to attract the notice of the thieves who swarmed upon the highways, or of the soldiers who were set to catch the thieves.

Skirting Jerusalem, which they did not enter, on the sixth day they descended into the valley of the Jordan, through the desolate hills by which it is bordered. Camping that night outside the town, at daybreak on the seventh morning they started, and by two hours after noon came to the village of the Essenes. On its

outsirts they halted, while Nehushta and the nurse, bearing with them the child, that by now could wave its arms and crow, advanced boldly into the village, where it would appear men dwelt only—at least no women were to be seen—and asked to be led to the Brother Ithiel.

The man to whom they spoke, who was robed in white, and engaged in cooking outside a large building, averted his eyes in answering, as though it were not lawful for him to look upon the face of a woman. He said, very civilly, however, that Brother Ithiel was working in the fields, whence he would not return till supper time.

Nehushta asked where these fields were, since she desired to speak with him at once. The man answered that if they walked towards the green trees that lined the banks of Jordan, which he pointed out to them, they could not fail to find Ithiel, as he was ploughing in the irrigated land with two white oxen, the only ones they had. Accordingly they set out again, having the Dead Sea on their right, and travelled for the half of a league through the thorn-scrub that grows in this desert. Passing the scrub they came to lands which were well cultivated and supplied with water from the Jordan by means of wheels and long poles with a jar at one end and a weight at the other which a man could work, emptying the contents of the jar again and again into an irrigation ditch.

In one of these fields they saw the two white oxen at their toil, and behind them the labourer, a tall man of about fifty years of age, bearded, and having a calm face and eyes that were very deep and quiet. He was clad in a rough robe of camel's hair, fastened about his middle with a leathern girdle, and wore sandals on his feet. To him they went, asking leave to speak with him, whereon he halted the oxen and greeted them courteously, but like the man in the village, turned his eyes away from the faces of the women. Nehushta bade the nurse stand back out of hearing, and, bearing the child in her arms, said:

"Sir, tell me, I pray you, if I speak to Ithiel, a priest of high rank among this people of the Essenes and brother to the dead lady Miriam, wife of Benoni the Jew, a merchant of Tyre?"

At the mention of these names Ithiel's face saddened, then grew calm again.

"I am so called," he answered; "and the lady Miriam is my sister, who now dwells in the happy and eternal country beyond the ocean with all the blessed"—for so the Essenes imagined that heaven to which they went when the soul was freed from the vile body.

"The lady Miriam," continued Nehushta, "had a daughter, Rachel, whose servant I was."

"Was?" he interrupted, startled from his calm. "Has she then been put to death by those fierce men and their king, as well as her husband Demas?"

"Nay, sir, but she died in childbirth, and this is the babe she bore," and she held the sleeping little one towards him, at whom he gazed earnestly, yes, and bent down and kissed it, since, although they saw so few of them, the Essenes loved children.

"Tell me that sad story," he said.

"Sir, I will both tell it and prove it to be true," and she told him all from the beginning to the end, producing to his sight the tokens which she had taken from the breast of her mistress, and repeating her last message to him word for word. When she had finished Ithiel turned away and mourned awhile. Then, speaking aloud, he put up a prayer to God for guidance, for without prayer these people would not enter upon anything, however simple, and came back to Nehushta, who stood by the oxen.

"Good and faithful woman," he said, "who it would seem are not fickle and light-hearted, or worse, like the multitude of your sex—perchance because your dark skin shields you from their temptations—you have set me in a cleft stick, and there I am held fast. Know that the rule of my order is that we should have naught to do with females, young or old; therefore how can I receive you or the child?"

"Of the rules of your order, sir, I know nothing," answered Nehushta sharply, since the words about the colour of her skin had not pleased her, "but of the rules of nature I do know, and something of the rules of God also, for, like my mistress and this infant, I am a Christian. These tell me, all of them, that to cast out an orphan child who is of your own blood, and whom a cruel fortune has thus brought to your door, would be an evil act, and one for which you must answer to Him who is above the rules of any order."

"I may not wrangle, especially with a woman," replied Ithiel, who seemed ill at ease, "but if my first words are true, this is true also, that those same rules enjoin upon us hospitality, and above all that we must not turn away the helpless or the destitute."

"Clearly, then, sir, least of any must you turn away this child whose blood is your blood, and whose dead mother sent her to you, that she might not fall into the power of a grandfather who has dealt so cruelly with those he should have cherished, to be brought up among Zealots as a Jew and taught to make offering of living things, and be anointed with the oil and blood of sacrifice."

"No, no, the thought is horrible," answered Ithiel, holding up his hands. "It is better, far better that she should be a Christian than one of that fanatic and blood-spilling faith." This he said, because among the Essenes the use of oil was held to be unclean, and, above all things, they loathed the offering of life in sacrifice to God. Although as a set they did not acknowledge Christ, perhaps because He was never preached to them, and would listen to no new religion, they practised the most of His doctrines with the greatest strictness.

"The matter is too hard for me," he went on. "I must lay it before a full court of the hundred curators, and what they decide, that will be done. Still, this is our rule: to assist those who need and to show mercy, to accord succour to such as deserve it, and to give food to those in distress. Therefore, whatever the court, which it will take three days to summon, may decide, in the meanwhile I have the right to give you, and those with you, shelter and provision in the guest-house. As it chances, it is situated in that part of the village where dwell the lowest of our brethren, who are permitted to marry, so that there you will find company of your own sex."

"I shall be glad of it," answered Nehushta drily. "Also I should call them the highest of the brethren, since marriage is a law

of God, which God the Father has instituted, and God the Son has blessed."

"I may not wrangle, I may not wrangle," replied Ithiel, declining the encounter, "but, certainly, that is a lovely babe. Look. Its eyes are open and they are beautiful as flowers," and again he bent down and kissed the child, then added with a groan of remorse, "Alas! sinner that I am, I am defiled, I must purify myself and do penance."

"Why?" asked Nehushta shortly.

"For two reasons: I have touched your dress, and I have given way to earthly passion, and embraced a child—twice. Therefore, according to our rule, I am defiled."

Then Nehushta could bear it no more.

"Defiled! you puppet of a foolish rule! It is the sweet babe that is defiled! Look, you have fouled its garment with your grimy hand and made it weep by pricking it with your beard. Would that your holy rule taught you how to handle children and to respect honest women who are their mothers, without whom there would be no Essenes."

"I may not wrangle," said Ithiel, nervously; for now woman was appearing before him in a new light, not as an artful and a fickle, but as an angry creature, reckless of tongue and not easy to be answered. "These matters are for the decision of the curators. Have I not told you so? Come, let us be going. I will drive the oxen, although it is not time to loose them from the plough, and do you and your companion walk at a distance behind me. No, not behind, in front, that I may see that you do not drop the babe, or suffer it to come to any harm. Truly it is sweet to look at, and, may God forgive me, I do not like to lose sight of its face, which, it seems to me, resembles that of my sister when she also was in arms."

"Drop the babe?" began Nehushta, then understanding that this victim of a rule already loved it dearly, and would suffer much before he parted with it, pitying his weakness, she said only, "Be careful that you do not frighten it with your great oxen, for you men who scorn women have much to learn."

Then, accompanied by the nurse, she stalked ahead in silence, while Ithiel followed after at a distance, leading the cattle by the hide loops about their horns, lest in their curiosity or eagerness to get home, they should do some mischief to the infant or wake it from its slumbers. In this way they proceeded to the lower part of the village, till they came to a good house—empty as it chanced—where guests were accommodated in the best fashion that this kind and homely folk could afford. Here a woman was summoned, the wife of one of the lower order of the Essenes, to whom Ithiel spoke, holding his hand before his eyes, as though she were not good to look at. To her, from a distance, he explained the case, bidding her to provide all things needful, and to send a man to bring in the husband of the nurse with the beasts of burden, and attend to his wants and theirs. Then, warning Nehushta to be very careful of the infant and not to expose it to the sun, he departed to report the matter to the curators, and to summon the great Court.

"Are all of them like this?" asked Nehushta of the woman, contemptuously.

"Yes, sister," she answered, "fools, every one. Why, of my own husband I see little; and although, being married, he ranks but low among them, the man is for ever telling me of the faults of our sex, and how they are a snare set for the feet of the righteous, and given to the leading of these same righteous astray, especially if they be not their own husbands. At times I am tempted indeed to prove his words true. Oh! it would not be difficult for all their high talk; I have learned as much as that, for Nature is apt to make a mock of those who deny Nature, and there is no parchment rule that a woman cannot bring to nothing. Yet, since they mean well, laugh at them and let them be, say I. And now come into the house, which is good, although did women manage it, it would be better."

So Nehushta went into that house with the nurse and her husband, and there for several days dwelt in great comfort. Indeed there was nothing that she, or the child, or those with them, could want which was not provided in plenty. Messages reached her even, through the woman, to ask if she would wish the rooms altered in any way, and when she said that there was not light enough in that in which the child slept, some of the elders of the Essenes arrived and pierced a new window in the wall, working very hard to finish the task before sunset. Also even the husband of the nurse was not allowed to attend to his own beasts, which were groomed and fed for him, till at length he grew so weary of doing nothing, that on the third day he went out to plough with the Essenes and worked in the fields till dark.

It was on the fourth morning that the full court gathered in the great meeting-house, and Nehushta was summoned to appear before it, bringing the babe with her. Thither she went accordingly to find the place filled with a hundred grave and reverend men, all clad in robes of the purest white. In the lower part of that large chamber she sat alone upon a chair, while before her upon benches ranged one above the other, so that all could see, were gathered the hundred curators.

It seemed that Ithiel had already set out the case, since the President at once began to question her on various points of her story, all of which she was able to explain to the satisfaction of the Court. Then they debated the matter among themselves, some of them arguing that as the child was a female, as well as its nurse, neither of them could properly be admitted to the care of the community, especially as both were of the Christian faith, and it was stipulated that in this faith they should remain. Others answered that hospitality was their first duty, and that he would be weak indeed who was led aside from their rule by a Libyan woman of middle age and an infant of a few months. Further, that the Christians were a good people, and that there was much in their doctrines which tallied with their own. Next, one made a strange objection, namely, that if they adopted this child they would learn to love it too much, who should love God and their order only. To this another answered, Nay, they should love all mankind and especially the helpless.

"Mankind, not womankind," was the reply, "for this infant will grow into a woman."

Now they desired Nehushta to retire that they might take the votes. Before she went, however, holding up the child that all could see it as it lay smiling in her arms, she implored them not to reject the prayer of a dead woman, and so deprive this infant of the care of the relative whom that departed lady had appointed to be its guardian, and of the guidance and directing wisdom of their holy order. Lastly, she reminded them that if they thrust her out, she must carry the infant to its grandfather, who, if he received it at all, would certainly bring it up in the Jewish faith, and thereby, perhaps, cause it to lose its soul, the weight of which sin would be upon their heads.

After this Nehushta was led away to another chamber and remained there a long while, till at length she was fetched back again by one of the curators. On entering the great hall her eyes sought the face of Ithiel, who had not been allowed to speak, since the matter having to do with a great-niece of his own, it was held that his judgment might be warped. Seeing that he smiled, and evidently was well pleased, she knew that her cause was won.

"Woman," said the President, "by a great majority of this Court we have come to an irrevocable decision upon the matter that has been laid before it by our brother Ithiel. It is that for reasons which I need not explain, on this point our rule may be stretched so far as to admit the child Miriam to our care, even though it be of the female sex, which care is to endure until she comes to a full age of eighteen years, when she must depart from among us. During this time no attempt will be made to turn her from her parents' faith in which she has been baptised. A house will be given you to live in, and you will be supplied with the best we have for the use of the child Miriam and yourself. Twice a week a deputation of the curators will visit the house, and stay there for an hour to see that the health of the infant is good, and that you are doing your duty by it, in which, if you fail, you will be removed. It is prayed that you will not talk to these curators on matters which do not concern the child. When she grows old enough the maid Miriam will also be admitted to our gatherings, and instructed by the most learned amongst us in all proper matters of letters and philosophy, on which occasions you will sit at a distance and not interfere unless your care is required."

"Now, that everyone may know our decision, we will escort you back to your house, and to show that we have taken the infant under our care, our brother Ithiel will carry it while you walk behind and give him such instruction in this matter as may be needful."

Accordingly a great procession was formed, headed by the President and ended by the priests. In the centre of the line marched Ithiel bearing the babe Miriam, to his evident delight, and Nehushta, who instructed him so vigorously that at length he grew confused and nearly let it fall. Thereon, setting this detail of the judgment at defiance, Nehushta snatched it from his arms, calling him a clumsy and ignorant clown only fit to handle an ox. To this he made no answer, nor was he at all wrath, but finished the journey walking behind her and smiling foolishly.

Thus was the child Miriam, who afterwards came to be called the Queen of the Essenes, royally escorted to her home. But little did these good men know that it was not a house which they were giving to her but a throne, built of the pure gold of their own gentle hearts.

CHAPTER VI.

CALEB

It may be wondered whether any girl that was ever born into the world could boast a stranger or a happier upbringing than Miriam. She was, it is true, motherless, but by way of compensation Fate endowed her with several hundred fathers, each of whom loved her as the apple of his eye. She did not call them "Father" indeed, a term which under the circumstances they thought incorrect. To her, one and all, they went by the designation of "Uncle," with their name added if she happened to know it, if not as Uncle simply. It cannot be said, however, that Miriam brought peace to the community of the Essenes. Indeed before she had done with them she rent it with deep and abiding jealousies, to the intense but secret delight of Nehushta, who, although she became a person of great importance among them as the one who had immediate charge of their jewel, could never forgive them certain of their doctrines or their habit of persistent interference.

The domiciliary visits which took place twice a week, and by a special subsequent resolution passed in full Court, on the Sabbath also, were, to begin with, the subject of much covert bitterness. At first a sort of standing committee was appointed to make these visits, of whom Ithiel was one. Before two years had gone by, however, there was much murmuring in the community upon this matter. It was pointed out in language that became vehement for an Essene—that so much power should not be left in the hands of one fixed set of individuals, who might become careless or prejudiced, or worst of all, neglectful of the welfare of the child who was the guest not of them only, but of the whole order. It was demanded, therefore, that this committee should change automatically every month, so that all might serve upon it in turn, Ithiel, as the blood-relation of Miriam, remaining its only permanent member. This proposal was opposed by the committee, but as no one else would vote for them the desired alteration was made. Further, to be removed temporarily, or for good, from its roster was thenceforth recognised as one of the punishments of the order.

Indeed, the absurdities to which its existence gave rise, especially as the girl grew in years, sweetness and beauty, cannot be numbered. Thus, every visiting member must wash his whole person and clothe himself in clean garments before he was allowed to approach the child, lest he should convey to it any sickness, or impure substance, or odour. Then there was much trouble because some members were discovered to be ingratiating themselves with Miriam by secretly presenting her with gifts of playthings, which they fashioned from wood, shells, or even hard stones, some of them of great beauty. Moreover, they purveyed articles of food such as they found the child loved; and this it was that led to their detection, for, having eaten of them, she was ill. Thereupon Nehushta, enraged, disclosed the whole plot, using the most

violent language, and amidst murmurs of "Shame on them!" designating the offenders by name. They were removed from their office, and it was decreed that henceforth any gifts made to the child must be offered to her by the committee as a whole, and not by a single individual, and handed over in their name by Ithiel, her uncle.

Once, when she was seven years old, and the idol of every brother among the Essenes, Miriam fell ill with a kind of fever which often strikes children in the neighbourhood of Jericho and the Dead Sea. Among the brethren were several skilful and famous physicians, who attended her night and day. But still the fever could not be abated, and at last, with tears, they announced that they feared for the child's life. Then indeed there was lamentation among the Essenes. For three days and three nights did they wrestle in constant prayer to God that she might be spared; many of them touching nothing but water during all that time. Moreover, they sat about at a distance from her house, praying and seeking tidings. If it was bad they beat their breasts, if good they gave thanks. Never was the sick-bed of a monarch watched with more care or devotion than that of this little orphan, and never was a recovery—for at length she did recover—received with greater thankfulness and joy.

This was the truth. These pure and simple men, in obedience to the strict rule they had adopted, were cut off from all the affections of life. Yet, the foundation-stone of their doctrine being Love, they who were human must love something, so they loved this child whom they looked upon as their ward, and who, as there was none other of her age and sex in their community, had no rival in their hearts. She was the one joy of their laborious and ascetic hours; she represented all the sweetness and youth of this self-renewing world, which to them was so grey and sapless. Moreover, she was a lovely maid, who, wherever she had been placed, would have bound all to her.

The years went by and the time came when, in obedience to the first decree, Miriam must be educated. Long were the discussions which ensued among the curators of the Essenes. At length three of the most learned of their body were appointed to this task, and the teaching began. As it chanced, Miriam proved an apt pupil, for her memory was good, and she had a great desire to learn many things, more especially history and languages, and all that has to do with nature. One of her tutors was an Egyptian, who, brought up in the priests' college at Thebes, when on a journey to Judæa, had fallen sick near Jericho, been nursed by the Essenes and converted to their doctrine. From him Miriam learnt much of their ancient civilisation, and even of the inner mysteries of the Egyptian religion, and of its secret interpretations which were known only to the priests. The second, Theophilus by name, was a Greek who had visited Rome, and he taught her the tongues and literature of those countries. The third, all his life long, had studied beasts and birds, and insects, and the workings of nature, and the stars and their movements, in all which things he instructed her day by day, taking her abroad with him that examples of each of them might be before her eyes.

Lastly, when she grew older, there was a fourth master, who was an artist. He taught Miriam how to model animals, and even men, in the clay of the Jordan, and how to carve them out in marble, and something of the use of pigments. Also this man, who was very clever, had a knowledge of singing and instrumental music, which he imparted to her in her odd hours. Thus it came about that Miriam grew learned and well acquainted with many matters, of which most girls of her day and years had never even heard. Nor did she lack knowledge of the things of her own faith, though in these the Essenes did not instruct her further than its doctrines tallied with their own. Of the rest, Nehushta told her something; moreover, on several occasions Christian travellers or preachers visited this country to address the Essenes or the other Jews who dwelt there. When they learned her case, these showed themselves very eager to inform her of the Christian doctrine. Among them was one old man who had heard the preaching of Jesus Christ, and been present at His Crucifixion, to all of which histories the girl listened with eagerness, remembering them to the last hour of her life.

Further, and perhaps this was the best part of her education, she lived in the daily company of Nature. But a mile or two away spread the Dead Sea, and along its melancholy and lifeless shores, fringed with the white trunks of trees that had been brought down by Jordan, she would often walk. Before her day by day loomed the mountains of Moab, while behind her were the fantastic and mysterious sand-hills of the desert, backed again by other mountains and that grey, tormented country, which stretches between Jericho and Jerusalem. Quite near at hand also ran the broad and muddy Jordan, whose fertile banks were clothed in spring with the most delicious greenery, haunted by kingfishers, cranes, wildfowl, and many other birds. About these banks too, stretching into the desert land beyond, the flowers of the field grew by myriads, at different periods of the year carpeting the whole earth with different colours, brilliant as are those of the rainbow. These it was her delight to gather, and even to cultivate in the garden of her house.

Thus wisdom, earthly and divine, was gathered in Miriam's heart till very soon its light began to shine through her eyes and face, making them ever more tender and beautiful. Nor did she lack charm and grace of person. From the first, in stature, she was small and delicate, pale also in complexion, but her dark hair was plenteous and curling, and her eyes large and of a deep and tender blue. Her hands and feet were very slender, and her every gesture

quick and agile as that of a bird. Thus she grew up loving all things and beloved by all, for even the flowers that she tended and the creatures that she fed, seemed in her to find a friend.

Now of so much learning and all this system of solemn, ordered hours Nehushta did not approve. For a while she bore with it, but when Miriam was about eleven years of age, she spoke her mind to the Committee and through them to the governing Court of the Curators.

Was it right that a child should be brought up thus? she asked, and turned into a grave old woman whilst, quite heedless of such things, others of her age were occupied with youthful games. The end of it might be that her brain would break and she would die or become crazy, and then what good would so much wisdom do her? It was necessary that she should have more leisure and other children with whom she could associate.

"White-bearded hermits," she added with point, "were not suitable as sole companions to a little maid."

Thereon followed much debate and consultation with the doctors, who agreed that friends of her own years should be found for the child. This, however, proved difficult, since among these Essenes were no other girls. Therefore those friends must be of the male sex. Here too were difficulties as at that time, of the lads adopted by this particular community which they were destined to join in after days, there was but one of equal birth with Miriam. Now so far as concerned their own order the Essenes thought little of social distinctions, or even of the differences of blood and race. But Miriam was not of their order; she was their guest, no more, to whom they stood in the place of parents and who would go from them out into the great world. Therefore, notwithstanding their childlike simplicity, being many of them men experienced in life, they did not think it right that she should mix with those of lower breeding.

This one lad, Caleb by name, was born in the same year as Miriam when Cuspius Fadius became governor on the death of Agrippa. His father was a Jew of very high rank named Hilliel, who, although he sided from time to time with the Roman party, was killed by them, or perished among the twenty thousand who were trampled to death at the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, when Cumanus, the Procurator, ordered his soldiers to attack the people. Thereon the Zealots, who considered him a traitor,

all companions he was the best. If Miriam desired to walk by the Dead Sea, he would desire the same. If she wanted to go fishing in the Jordan, he would make ready the baits or net, and take the fishes off the hook—a thing she hated. If she sought a rare flower, Caleb would hunt it out for days, although she knew well that in himself he did not care for flowers, and when he had found it, would mark the spot and lead her there in triumph. Also there was this about him, as she was soon quick enough to learn, he worshipped her. Whatever else might be false, that note in his nature rang true. If one child could love another, then Caleb loved Miriam, first with the love of children, then as a man loves a woman. Only, and this was the sorrow of it, Miriam never loved Caleb. Had she done so both their stories might have been different. To her he was a clever companion and no more.

What made the thing more strange was that he loved no one else, except, mayhap, himself. In this way and in that the lad soon came to learn his own history, which was sad enough, with the result that if he hated the Romans who had invaded his country and trampled it beneath their heel, still more did he hate those of the Jews who looked upon his father as their enemy and had stolen all the lands and goods that were his by right. As for the Essenes who reared and protected him, so soon as he came to an age when he could weigh such matters, he held them in contempt, and because of their continual habit of bathing themselves and purifying their garments, called them the company of washerwomen. On him their doctrines left but a shallow mark. He thought, as he explained to Miriam, that people who were in the world should take the world as they found it, without dreaming ceaselessly of another world to which, as yet, they did not belong; a sentiment that to some extent Nehushta shared.

Wishing, with the zeal of the young, to make a convert, Miriam preached to him the doctrines of Christianity, but without success. By blood he was a Jew of the Jews, and could not understand or admire a God who would consent to be trodden under foot and crucified. The Messiah he desired to follow must be a great conqueror, one who would overthrow the Caesars and take the throne of Caesar, not a humble creature with his mouth full of maxims. Like the majority of his own, and, indeed of every generation, to the last day of his life, Caleb was unable to divine that mind is greater than matter, while spirit is greater than mind, and that in the end, by many slow advances and after many disasters seemingly irredeemable, spirituality will conquer all. He looked to a sword flashing from thrones, not to the word of truth spoken from lowly lips in humble streets or upon the flanks of deserts, trusting to the winds to bear it like some thistle seed to fall on the hearts of men and there be fruitful.

Such was Caleb, and these things are said of him here because the child is father to the man.

(To be continued)



QUARTERMASTER-SERGET-INST. DAVIDSON
Winner of the Bronze Jewel



CAPTAIN C. E. ETCHES
Winner of the Gold Jewel



QUARTERMASTER-SERGET-INST. PAYNE
Winner of the Silver Jewel

The Bisley Meeting

AT the rifle ranges of the National Rifle Association at Bisley the fifteenth annual meeting of the Army Sixty was held last week. The sixty selected crack shots were required to fire through the

ranges three times each day under the usual National Rifle Association King's Prize first stage conditions. The total grand aggregate determined the winners of the club jewels and money prizes, and also assisted the committee in the selection of the Army eight to fire in the United Service match at the coming Bisley Meeting. In spite of very difficult weather, Sapper Gale, R.E., made two scores of 100 out of the possible 105, and centuries were also recorded to Captain Etches, Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, and Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Payne. The Gold Jewel was won, for the second year in succession, by Captain C. E. Etches, Hythe Staff, with the aggregate total of 567—only one point below his winning score in 1901; the Silver Jewel fell to Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Payne, School of Musketry, Hythe, 563; and the Bronze to Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Davidson, Hythe Staff, 559. Captain Etches also won the field glasses for the 600 yards aggregate, and Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Payne the National Rifle Association Silver Medal.

For the forty-seventh year in succession the National Rifle Association is holding that annual gathering which aims at improving British marksmanship as a whole. That it has succeeded in this endeavour to some extent does not admit of controversy, but the time still seems unpleasantly remote when every British citizen of adult years will be as good a shot with the rifle as the British archer used to be with the yew bow and the cloth-yard arrow. The Association is greatly to be commended for its courage in striking out fresh paths instead of adhering to the old grooves. In the past there has been too much of a disposition to call into council experts who, having won their laurels under certain conditions, are naturally anxious to perpetuate those conditions. The greatest change is, perhaps, the substitution of the firing of twenty rounds at 600 yards in the second stage of the King's Prize competition for dividing that expenditure of ammunition between the 600 and 800 yards' ranges. There is always a large measure of luck at 800 yards, while, for practical work in the field, fairly accurate shooting at the shorter range is good enough for anything. It would be interesting to obtain Lord Kitchener's opinion as to whether there is any adequate compensation for the expenditure of ammunition at longer ranges by troops only a few of whom are capable of shooting straight up to 300 or 400 yards. It is not given to every man to be a marksman. Our portraits are by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

managed to get possession of all his property, so that his son Caleb, whose mother was dead, was brought in a destitute condition by one of her friends to Jericho. There, as she could not dispose of him otherwise, he was given over to the Essenes, to be educated in their doctrine, and, should he wish it, to enter their order when he reached full age. This lad, it was now decreed, should become the playmate of Miriam, a decision that pleased both of them very well.

Caleb was a handsome child, with quick, dark eyes that watched everything without seeming to watch, and black hair which curled upon his shoulders. He was clever also and brave, but though he did his best to control his temper, by nature very passionate and unforgiving. Moreover, that which he desired he would have, if by any means it could be obtained, and was faithful in his loves as in his hates. Of these hates Nehushta was one. With all the skill of a Libyan, whose only book is that of Nature and men's faces, she read the boy's heart at once and said openly that he might come to be the first in any cause—if he did not betray it—and that when God mixed his blood of the best, lest Caesar should find a rival, He left out the salt of honesty and filled up the cup with the wine of passion. When these sayings were repeated to Caleb by Miriam, who thought them to be a jest fit to tease her playmate with, he did not fly into one of his tempers, as she had hoped, but only screwed up his eyelids after his fashion in certain moods, and looked black as the rain-storm above Mount Nebo.

"Did you hear, Caleb?" asked Miriam, somewhat disappointed. "Oh! yes, Lady Miriam," for so he had been ordered to call her. "I heard. Do you tell that old black woman that I will lead more causes than she ever thought of, for I mean to be the first everywhere. Also that whatever God left out of my cup, at least he mixed it with a good memory."

When Nehushta heard this, she laughed and said that it was true enough, only he that tried to climb several ladders at once generally fell to the ground and that when a head had said good-bye to its shoulders, the best of memories got lost between the two.

Miriam liked Caleb, but she never loved him as she did the old men, her uncles, or Nehushta, who to her was more than all. Perhaps this may have been because he never grew angry with her whatever she might say or do, never even spoke to her roughly, but always waited on her pleasure and watched for her wish. Still of

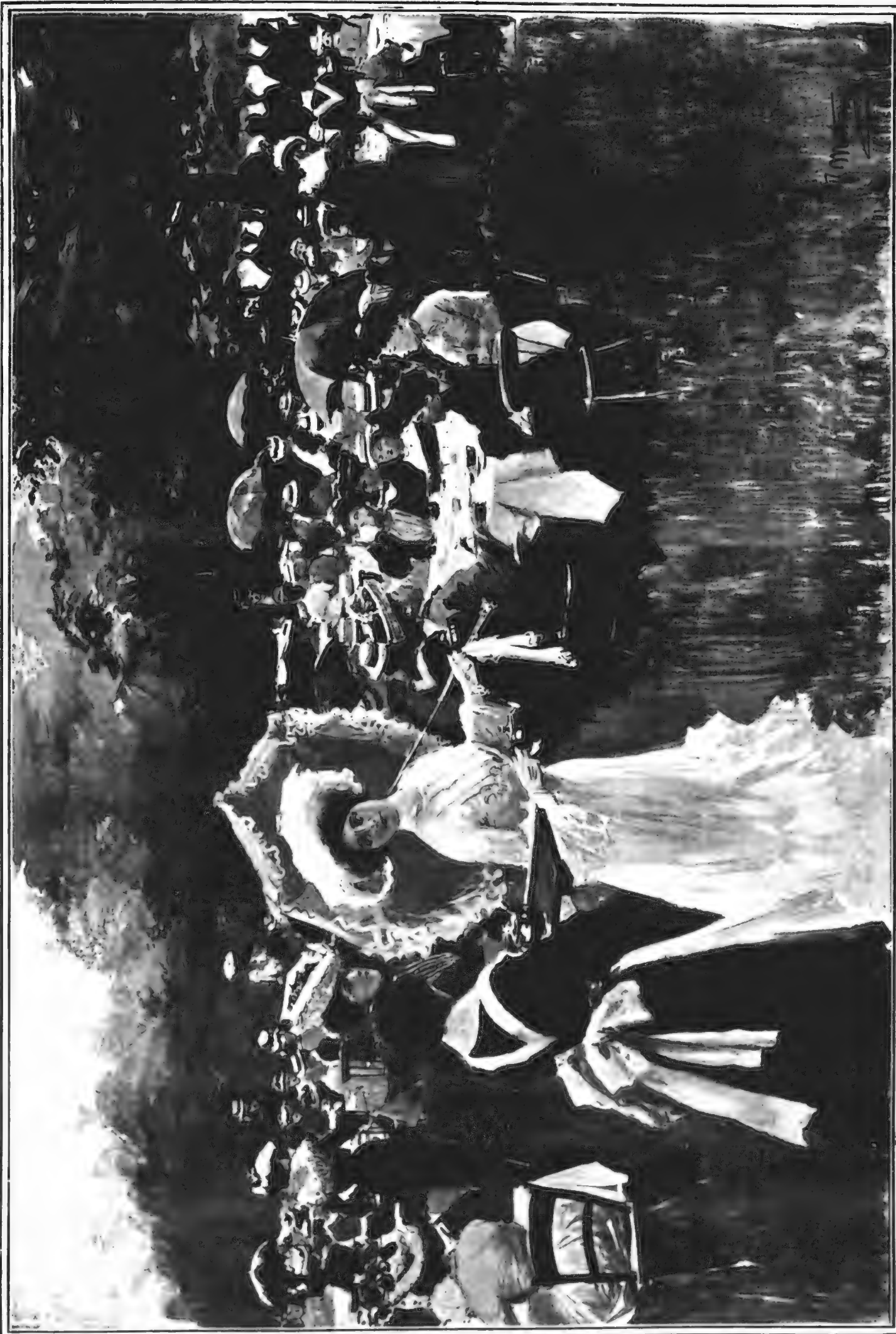


The Children's Coronation Fête in Battersea Park was in every way a great success, one of the prettiest incidents in it being the parade, when 20,000 children marched past the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), who was accompanied by the Duke of Argyll and Lady Eva Dugdale. The Princess was in the centre of the central avenue of the park, and the children made a pretty picture as they trooped through the crowds of spectators. The Princess, on

leaving the park, drove round to the schools, in the rooms of which the children were entertained to tea and concerts. The necessary funds, which had been provided by public subscription, amounted to 1,000l., and the arrangements were made by a committee, of which Lord Battersea was the chairman. The Mayor of Battersea, Mr. Howarth Barnes, also took a very active interest in the work.

PRINCESS LOUISE REVIEWING TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN IN BATTERSEA PARK

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.F.O.



Although the proceedings were somewhat marred by the weather, the contingent of servant girls who were entertained at the "Zoo" had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. Tea was laid out under the trees on the lawn, and the tables looked very enticing. The entrance to the lawn was flanked by two huge Union Jacks, and a stretch of blue bunting showed in white

letters the inscription, "God Bless our Gracious Queen, the Giver of our Feast." It had been hoped that some members of the Royal Family would have been able to attend, but this was found to be impossible. Instead, the Bishop of London read this message from Queen Alexandra: "The Queen sends her best wishes to all her guests at tea, and hopes they are enjoying them."

Her Majesty feels sure they will be pleased to hear that the King is progressing satisfactorily. Unfortunately, rain, which had fallen slightly during the afternoon, commenced in earnest just as the girls were taking their places, and the meal had to be eaten under such shelter as could be secured from sunshades

"THE QUEEN'S TEA": MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK BEING ENTERTAINED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

The Court

THE CORONATION

AFTER all, this summer is to see the crowning of our King, as if His Majesty continues to make such good progress the Coronation is to be held between August 8 and 12—almost certainly on Saturday the 9th. Of course, the function will be very quiet in comparison with the original arrangements. The Service is to be materially shortened—most likely by omitting the Litany and the sermon—while it is obviously impossible for the host of Coronation guests to re-assemble. A few near relatives may come back again, while the Indians and Colonials are staying on, but any unnecessary show and fatigue for the King must be avoided. Thus the second day's procession through London is given up, although the procession to the Abbey on Coronation Day is to be carried out after the original programme.

THE KING'S HEALTH

By the beginning of the week the King was thought sufficiently convalescent to run the risk of removal from Buckingham Palace to his yacht at Portsmouth. The hour of departure was kept quite private, so that few people were about when the Royal party left on Tuesday morning. Princess Victoria, with Prince and Princess Charles and one of the King's nurses, started first, and then six bluejackets from the Royal yacht carried King Edward on his couch down to a carriage specially constructed which was waiting in the quadrangle. The carriage resembled a private omnibus, so that the Royal patient could lie at full length. The usual scarlet liveries for the Royal servants were put aside, and there was nothing to mark the carriage as Royal when it drove quietly out of a back gate into Grosvenor Gardens, reaching Victoria Station in a few moments. The Queen and Sir Frederick Treves were with His Majesty. Similar precautions were taken at Victoria, not even the police being visible when the bluejackets lifted the King into his saloon carriage. Ice blocks and an electric fan kept the carriage cool, and flowers were everywhere. To avoid shaking the King the train went at a slower pace than usual. At Portsmouth, only the officers of the Royal yacht were allowed on the jetty, but the crowds assembled got a glimpse of the King as he passed along, his head pillowed on a cushion covered with the Union Jack. A platform had been made from the jetty to the yacht, so the bluejackets transferred the King aboard with perfect comfort. Salutes thundered out as the Royal Standard was hoisted on the yacht, which remained at the jetty for an hour in order that the King might rest and take his lunch. Then she steamed off to her moorings off Cowes.

The Queen had been bidding adieu to her various friends and relatives, who have now gone back to the Continent. First her brother, the Danish Crown Prince, departed; then the Duchess of Aosta, to whom Her Majesty is so much attached; and next Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Prince George of Greece; whilst the Greek Crown Prince and his youngest brother, Prince Andrew, followed a few days later. Queen Alexandra also took deep interest in the arrival of Lord Kitchener, standing on the Palace balcony with the Princesses to see him drive past, and giving him a special interview when he left the King. Several luncheon parties have been given by the Queen—the Duchess of Albany and

Princess Alice, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife being the chief guests. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, and the Duke of Cambridge, have also been constantly at the Palace. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at the Marlborough House Chapel, as usual.

The Prince and Princess of Wales continue to do the honours to a host of guests in the stead of the King and Queen. They held a large evening reception in St. James's Palace to welcome the Colonial visitors. Another day the Prince and Princess received

the Indian visitors at St. James's. The Prince also took the leading part in welcoming Lord Kitchener, meeting him at the station as representative of the King and afterwards entertaining him at a State luncheon at St. James's Palace. Further, the Prince has been repeatedly to Victoria Station to speed the parting guests. On Wednesday he went down to Cowes to see the King. After his recent anxiety and hard work, the Prince of Wales will appreciate his coming visit to Yorkshire, where he stays with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at The Hall, Bolton Priory, to shoot over the Wharfedale Moors. The Princess will go to Frogmore, where the Royal children are already staying.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH
THE PRESENT CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO WILL PROBABLY RETIRE AT THE END OF THE SESSION
From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street



On Tuesday His Majesty travelled by train from Victoria to Portsmouth Dockyard, where he was carried on board the *Victoria and Albert*. When the yacht left the harbour after rounding the Spit, she did not make direct for Cowes, but the water being smooth, stood to the eastward, and took the King for

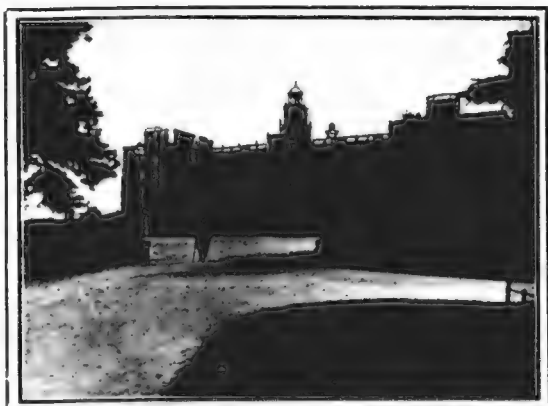
a short cruise past the Warner lightship before turning. Subsequently, preceded by the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and with the Royal yacht *Osborne* astern, the *Victoria and Albert* came slowly into Cowes road, and picked up her moorings.

THE KING AT COWES: THE ARRIVAL OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

LORD SALISBURY AT HOME

From Photographs taken by special permission of the Marquess of Salisbury by A. J. Campbell, Cheapside



THE NORTH SIDE

HATFIELD HOUSE! What interest is awakened in these words by their mere mention? The mind instantly reverts to the great Conservative statesman who has just relinquished the helm of Britain's Ship of State—to the Prime Minister who has held office with only two brief intervals for seventeen years, a longer period than any Premier in the history of the country except Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool. But, apart from this, what associations cling to the grand old Jacobean pile and its vicinity! The long arm of history stretches back over the dim ages of the past, and places Hatfield in a line with the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, and many another noble pile which has braved the storm and stress of tumultuous because they were historic times. Once a portion of the primeval forest which covered the whole of western Hertfordshire, the beautiful park lands as they are seen to-day have never been under cultivation, and the massive Lion Oak, which still shoots forth its green leaves, will be found mentioned in Domesday Book if anyone cares to look for it.

Perhaps it was meet that Hatfield should have been first in the possession of ecclesiastics, because its latest owners, the Cecils, are as great defenders of the Church and her traditions as they are upholders of the State. We who have allowed our history to become a little rusty from neglect, seem to regard Hatfield's notoriety as quite of mushroom growth, due to its association with the Marquess of Salisbury, Prime Minister of England. But neither Hughenden nor Hawarden, the homes of two of the greatest statesmen who ever held the reins of Government, can lay claim to such a history as Hatfield's; and poor Brocket Hall, not more than a mile away—in a village adjoining Hatfield, as a matter of fact—where lived Palmerston and Melbourne, has faded into obscurity unworthy of the great men who lived there and passed some of the pleasantest hours of their lives in its lovely gardens and park.

There are three phases in Hatfield's history—Ecclesiastical, Royal and Political. The first began with its assignment to the Bishops of Ely, who gave it the name of Bishops Hatfield. In 1109, we learn, it had a house sufficiently large to accommodate Royalty and its



PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY, WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH

retinue as guests of the Ely Diocesan. So far as I have been able to gather, however, there is only one Royal personage who ever disgraced himself in the eyes of the ecclesiastics, though, no doubt, many became "jolly good company" in their cups in the banquetting hall. This one Royal black sheep was William de Valence, Henry III.'s brother, who trespassed in the park whilst hunting, and demanded refreshment. He was given beer, but because the Bishop's servants refused his request for something stronger, he became very violent—I blush to record it—used bad language, broke open the door of the buttery, drank and upset a quantity of the Bishop's choicest wines, and distributed them amongst his grooms. No modern police-court story, told in the forceful descriptive style of the Metropolitan police officer, could present more reprehensible conduct than this. What followed I am unable to inform the reader; at any rate, we can agree that the offence was worthy of condign punishment.

It was Bishop Morton, of Ely, who built the old palace, the remains of which may be seen standing to-day. Everybody admits its beauty, and we can sympathise with the antiquary who, when told that horses quietly munch their oats in the very hall where the Bishop and his ecclesiastical dignitaries and Royal guests dined and supped, naturally sighs in the minor key for the glories that have departed. What scenes of gorgeousness and gaiety must the fine old open timbered roof, springing from quaint corbel heads, and the beautiful ancient stained glass windows have looked down upon in the past! In this apartment Sir Thomas Pope whiled away the monotony of the Princess Elizabeth's existence with pageants and masques, until Queen Mary spitefully bade such "folleries" cease, and here, also, the Virgin Queen held her first Privy Council, and



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S JEWEL CASE

received from Sir Robert Cecil the oath of allegiance which he so faithfully kept for forty years. Nor must I forget to add that in the old palace, Prince Edward, Bluff Hal's only son, passed his boyhood, and learned to read and write; and, like his half-sister Elizabeth, first heard the news of his succession to the Throne. But the Princess Elizabeth was doing a very foolish thing when the messenger brought the intelligence that her sister Mary was dead. Tradition is responsible for the story, and it is said that at the time the news was brought to her she was sitting beneath an oak tree in the park. It was November, and if that month, with its dark, dank days, had in those times anything like its modern reputation, I can only remark that her Majesty was a foolish young lady to openly court pneumonia and rheumatism by sitting out of doors. Some people believe the story, and are loth to part with it, as they are with Cinderella, Dick Whittington, and Dorothy Vernon's clopement, and it pleased Queen Victoria to secure one of the last acorns the tree bore, on the occasion of her visit to Hatfield in 1846, to plant at Windsor. Old age and its infirmities have crept upon the tree, and the only vitality it is capable of showing is the few leaves which annually make their appearance on its gnarled and weather-beaten remains.

Hatfield was maintained as a Royal palace until 1607, when James I., casting a covetous eye on Theobalds, Sir Robert Cecil's home, exchanged Hatfield for it, and thus ended the two phases, Ecclesiastical and Royal. Sir Robert was a man of ideas, and the old palace did not suit them. He showed that by razing a large portion of it to the ground and building the present mansion. He was his own architect, but Hatfield House is a remarkably fine piece of work for an amateur. He estimated the cost at 8,500*l.*, but, like most people, James's trusted Chancellor had whims and fancies, and in fancying a chapel, in addition to other things, he had to pay another 703*l.* for his piety.

The State apartments at Hatfield are those which are open to the public view. Unrelaxing rules are in force, which preclude any of

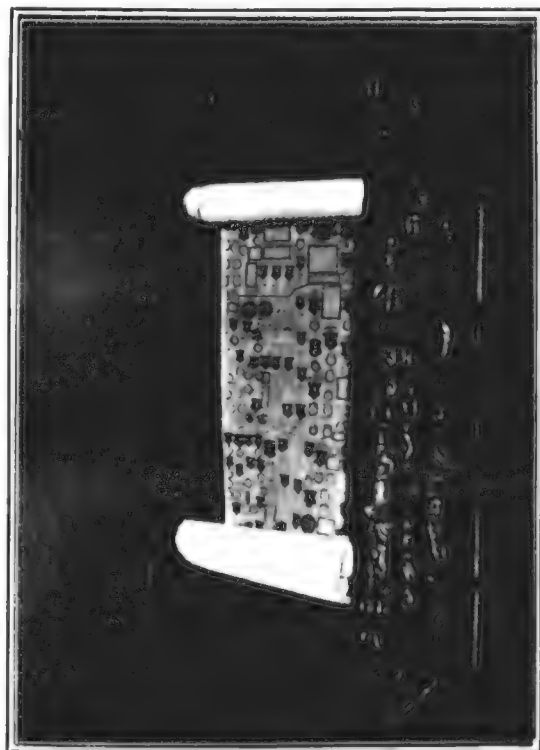
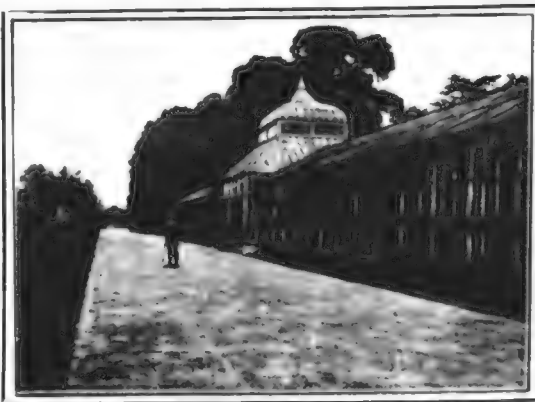


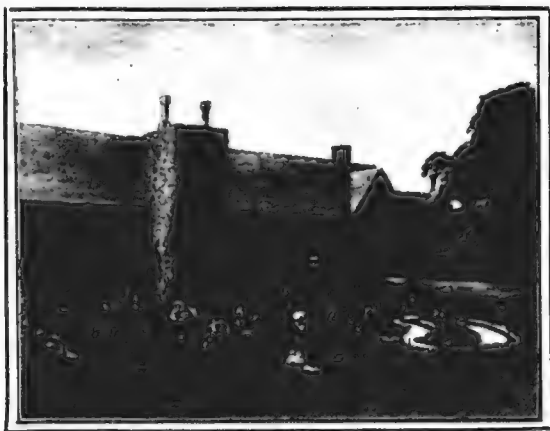
CHART SHOWING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DESCENT



LORD SALISBURY'S CYCLE TRACK



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CRADLE AND JAMES I.'S CABINET



THE ROSARY AND FRONT OF THE OLD PALACE

the rooms used regularly by the family being shown to visitors, but, apart from their association with the Marquess, they are far from interesting. Much has been written and said about Lord Salisbury's Laboratory. That much has been drawn from the recesses of imaginative brains. His lordship's "dens" are two small rooms adjoining each other. One is a private secluded library, filled with books—*sanctum sanctorum*—and the other is fitted with a cupboard containing various chemicals, a trough in one corner, and a few instruments such as would be found in the room of any dabbler in science. The Marquess, as is known, perhaps, is a photographer as well as a chemist, but it is his third son, Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., who is the photographer of the family, as Lord Hugh is the orator, Lord Edward the soldier, and Lord William the parson.

As a rule the bedrooms are beautiful. The principal is King James's room, which is furnished with an enormous bedstead, richly carved and covered with cloth of gold. It is said that King James slept here. Another room is called "The Cromwell," but the Protector never slept there. "This is Cromwell's room," once said a guide when showing a party through the house. "And will he sleep here to-night?" inquired an ignorant visitor. The Cromwell alluded to is Richard Cromwell, and he occupied the bed when it was located at Hoddesdon. Near by is the room used by the late Queen on the occasion of her visit in 1846, but it has a very awkward access. This is one of the distinguishing features of Hatfield House. The entrances to many of the rooms are poked away around corners in narrow passages. The habit of calling rooms after eminent personages who occupied them obtains at Hatfield, and accordingly there are, among many, the Wellington and the Beaconsfield, while others receive the name of the wood used for their panelling, such as oak, ash, elm, yew, &c., the timber having been grown on the estate.

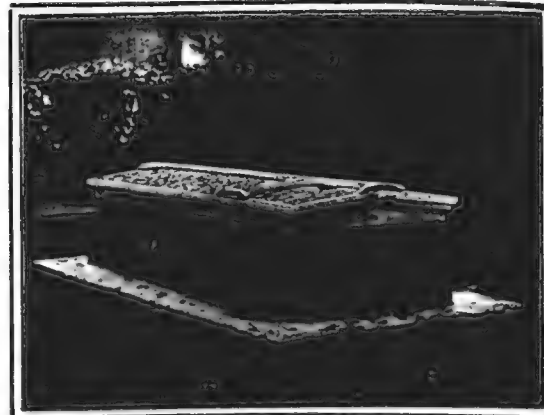
One is impressed, when walking through the State rooms, with the beautiful carving and wainscot panelling, the magnificent tapestry, the enormous mantelpieces with their yawning fireplaces, fitted with massive steel dogs on which to rest the crackling faggot,



THE FAMOUS RAINBOW PICTURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

and the pictures and curios. One cannot give a detailed description of all the rooms, but there are some that call for more than passing comment. The beautiful Marble Hall—50ft. long by 30ft. wide—is one which fills the visitor with admiration. The walls are panelled about half-way up with wainscot, and above are hung tapestries whose subject is the Garden of the Hesperides. The decorations are the work of Taldini, who executed much work in the second Marquess's time. The floor is of polished black and white marble, and at the east end is a musicians' gallery, from which depend tattered flags and banners. Two of these belonged to the Coldstream Guards, and the four smaller ones were part of the set which the great Napoleon had made for the proposed Champs de Mai, and which, when the Allies marched into Paris in 1814, fell into the Duke of Wellington's possession. The sight of these tattered colours awaken in most peoples' minds battle scenes, with shot and shell riddling the silken banners to ribbons. It may be cruel to dispel such illusions, but for veracity's sake I must disclose the fact that their dilapidated condition is the result of the late Lady Salisbury's attempt to have them cleaned, together with the action of the sun from the adjoining oriel window. At the opposite end hang the old Hertfordshire Militia colours, and high up between them are two quaint peepholes—not uncommon features in old houses. In this noble apartment the Marquess of Salisbury always dines now, even when the party is only *en famille*, and it is here that he gives the audit dinner to his tenants on rent day. On these occasions Lord Salisbury is not a politician, nor a British legislator, nor a diplomatic statesman. He is just a fine old English gentleman, enjoying free and unrestrained conversational intercourse with those who rent under him. No reporters are allowed—the display of a notebook would be tantamount to high treason—and the Marquess, with Lord Cranborne, Lord Hugh Cecil and other members of his family, are heard at their best. The price of corn and agricultural produce, the state of agriculture and all that appertains to that industry depose the wider politics of Empire from the throne they occupy in the noble Marquess's mind, and, free from the greater cares, he "lets himself go," so to speak, on these smaller but important subjects. Anyone who has beheld a rent-audit dinner at Hatfield—and there are few outsiders who have—has seen something he is not likely to forget.

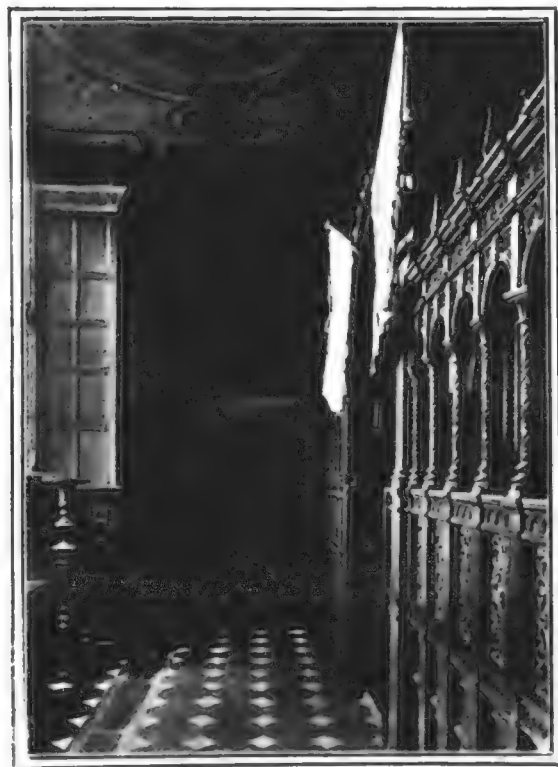
The Grand Staircase is, of course, the most important of the three with which the house is furnished. It is often referred to as the Music Staircase, because the infant figures (*in puris naturalibus*) who occupy the heads of the pilasters alternately with the Cecil lions supporting the emblazoned family arms, are engaged with various musical instruments. The carving is in the Italian style,



THE GRAVE OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

and near the bottom of the stairs is a pair of wicket or dog gates, carved with the Flemish *fleur-de-lis*. On the walls above are several striking pictures, two of which are of more than ordinary interest. The first is the portrait of Lord Cranborne, the present Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, painted by Richmond, and presented to him by the tenantry on the estate on his coming of age in 1882. He is represented as a colonel of the Herts Militia, and a very youthful-looking colonel, too. The other picture is a rare curiosity. It is a full-length portrait of the fourth Earl of Salisbury, and behind him appears, as if looking over his shoulder, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, wearing a suit of armour and a heavy brown wig. There is a story attached to this picture. The original portrait of Monmouth, planning his expedition to England at The Hague with Ferguson, his instigator, is in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon, at The Grove, Watford. The picture at Hatfield, painted by Wissing, is a repetition of this subject, and was presented to the fourth Earl by Lucy Waters' son, as a mark of friendship. It occupied a position of honour at Hatfield until Monmouth's star was in the descendant. The dark days of Selgmoor showed the politic and papist Earl that it was unsafe to allow the picture to remain on the walls, and it was accordingly consigned to the lumber-room. Years afterwards the Earl brought out the neglected canvas, and, animated with a commendable spirit of economy, decided to utilise it for his own portrait. He probably never anticipated that the picture would ever require cleaning, but, in 1840, it was placed in the restorer's hands, and, much to his discomfiture, the resurrection of the Duke's and Ferguson's portraits was the result.

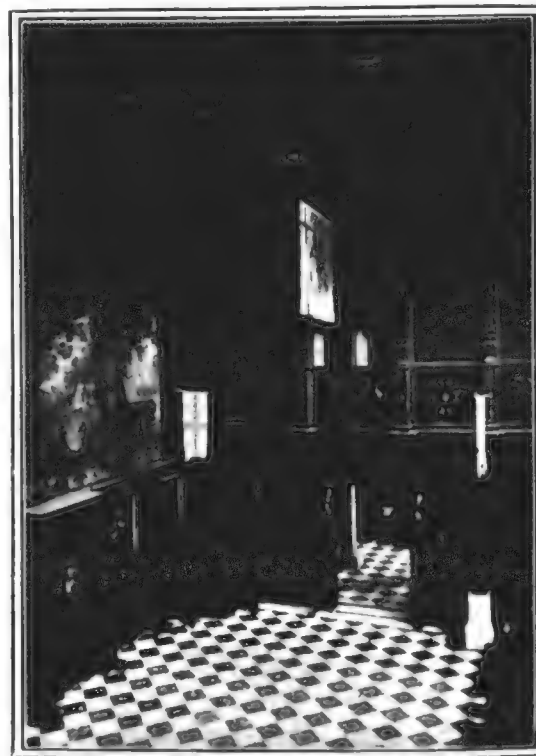
King James's drawing-room, with its crimson and gold furniture, is a joy to the eye and a gratification to the sense of splendour. Over the marble chimney-piece is a bronze statue of James I., which is a delusion and a snare. It is said to be life-sized, but either the Stuart monarch was a very short man or the statue libels his stature. The most striking object in the room is a large portrait of the German Emperor. It is a remarkably fine picture by Wimmer, painted in 1889, and was presented by the Kaiser to Lord Salisbury. His Imperial Majesty is represented standing on the deck of his yacht, the *Meteor*, wearing an English Admiral's full-dress uniform, and holding a telescope under his left arm. The massive gilt frame is surmounted by an Imperial crown. On the left of the picture is a portrait of Lord Salisbury, in his robes as Chancellor of Oxford,



ENTRANCE TO THE PRIVATE CHAPEL



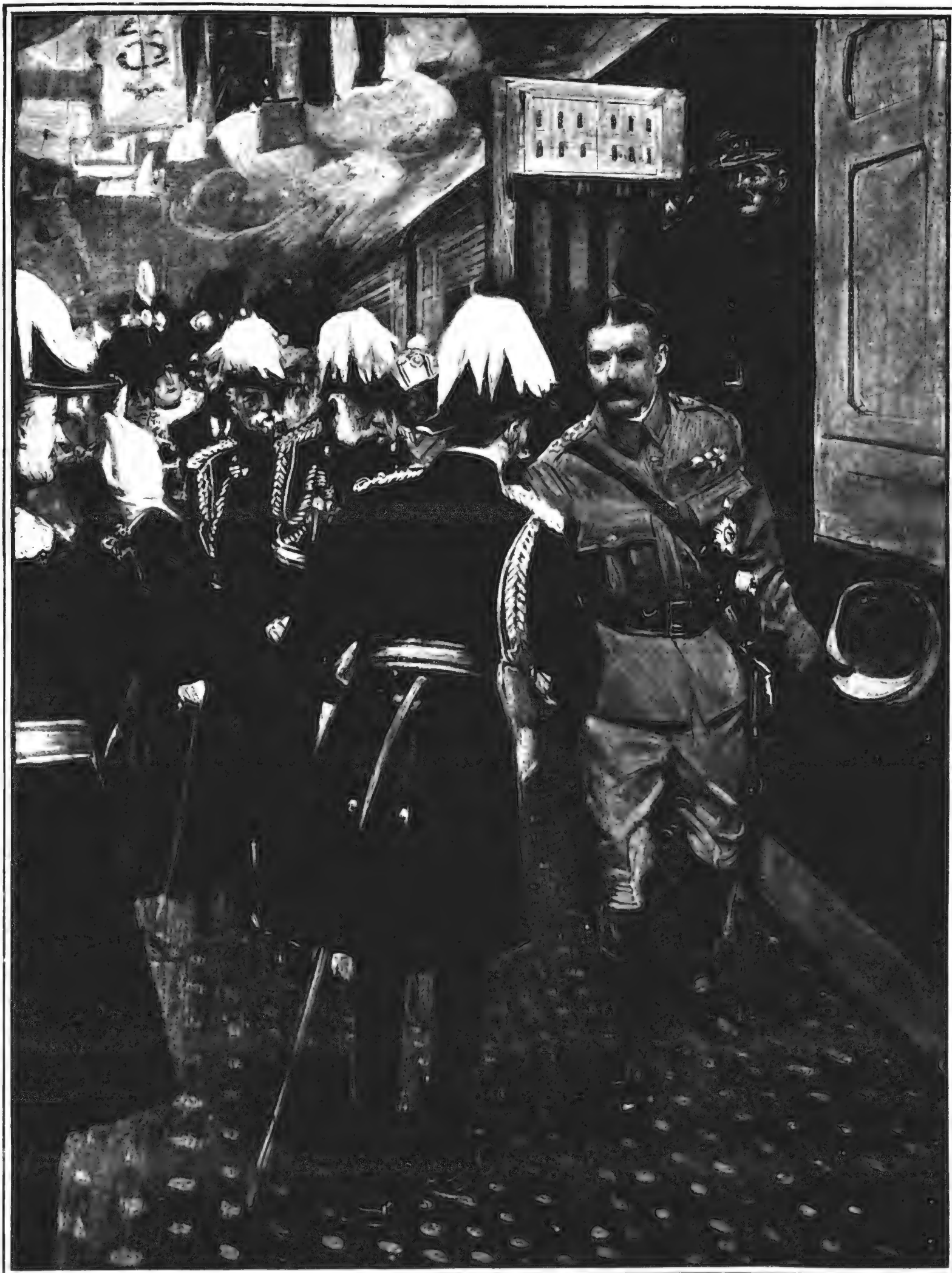
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HUNTING JACKET AND CHEST



THE MARBLE HALL

LORD SALISBURY AT HOME: PICTURES OF HATFIELD HOUSE

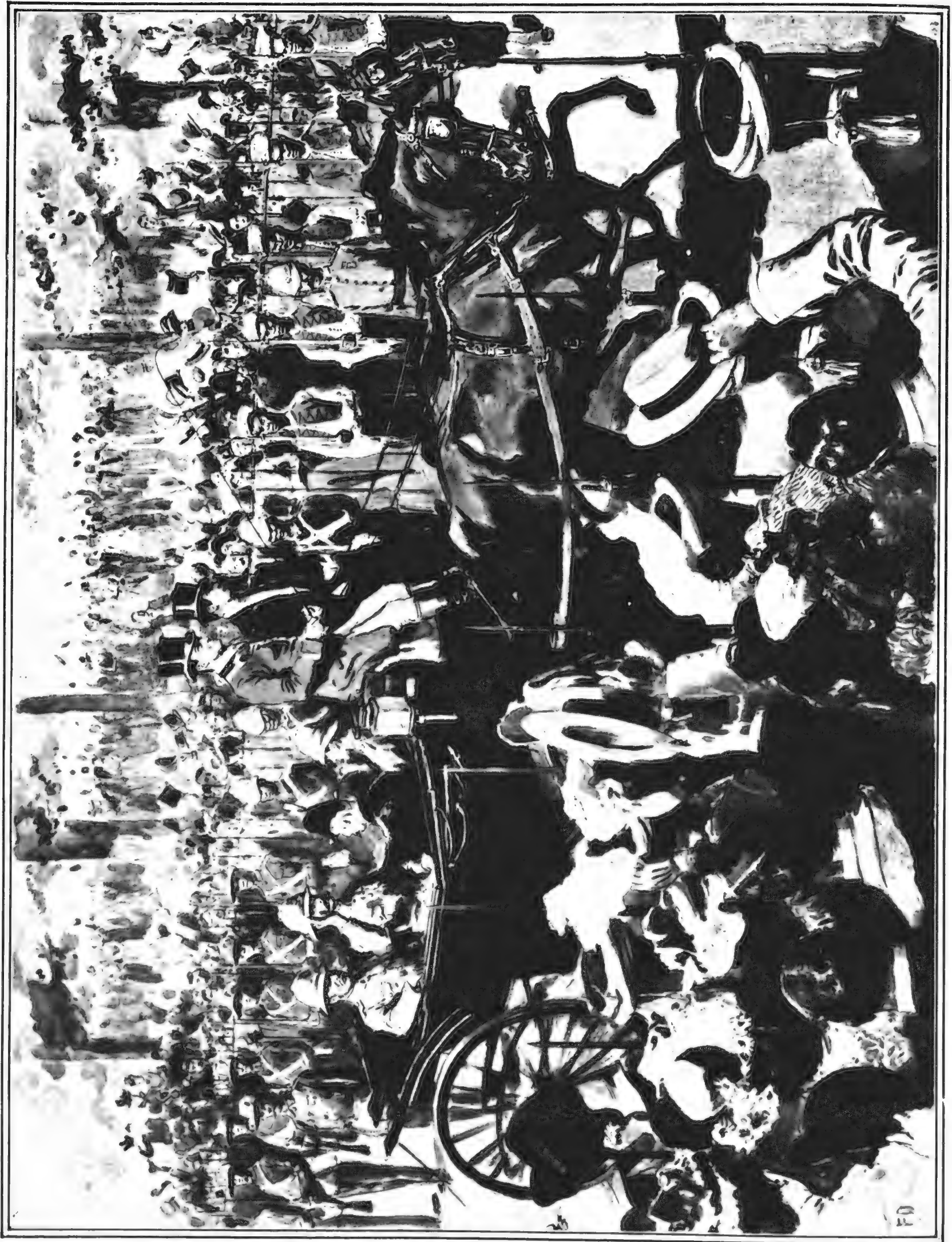
From Photographs taken by special permission of the Marquess of Salisbury by A. J. Campbell, Cheapside



As soon as the train steamed into Paddington and the tall figure in Staff cap stepped out of the railway carriage, the Prince of Wales shook hands with him, and spoke the Royal words of welcome and congratulation; next came the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and Earl Roberts. General Viscount Kitchener then presented his chief of staff, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and General Sir John French.

THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMING LORD KITCHENER AT PADDINGTON STATION

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.L.



LORD KITCHENER'S CARRIAGE PASSING DOWN CONSTITUTION HILL ON ITS WAY TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

and on its right is a portrait of the late Marchioness leading Lord Cranborne by the hand. There are two cases filled with interesting curios, including Queen Elizabeth's silk stockings and garden hat, Mafeking stamps, brought home by Lord Edward Cecil after the siege, the Abyssinian Order conferred upon Lord Salisbury by King Menelik, a medallion portrait of Beaconsfield, presented to the late Lady Salisbury by Queen Victoria, and, perhaps more interesting than all, the pen with which Lord Salisbury signed the Berlin Treaty in 1878. It is an ordinary goose quill, yet it was the instrument which put an end to all the troubles which then existed in South Eastern Europe, and signified that peace had been obtained without bartering the honour of Great Britain as a *quid pro quo*. A third case contains all the caskets which have been presented to the Marquess by various corporations, and among the other pictures is one of Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples, now King of Italy, given to the Marquess on the occasion of his visit to Hatfield in 1891. There are numbers of other portraits lining the crimson damask silk-covered walls, and one which has tragic associations is that of

came of age, over a thousand guests danced on its polished parquet floor.

The library is an apartment where one longs to linger, and the armchairs, upholstered in red morocco, offer an almost irresistible temptation. It is a well of knowledge in which are sunk the minds of a thousand great men, and when Lord Salisbury occupies it I can imagine that he is in very good company.

The chapel is two stories high, and in the recess of a mullioned window stands an armchair which belonged to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. Why it should be here I cannot conceive; but a greater puzzle still is the reason why a young American, who formed one of a party being shown through the house, should have surreptitiously purloined the hair with which it is stuffed, in order to carry it away in his pocket as a relic. He was detected by the housekeeper, and as a consequence had a bad quarter of an hour. The hair never went to America.

Over the entrance to the chapel are located the regimental colours of the Herts Militia, of which Lord Cranborne is colonel, which were

The gardens and park require an article by itself to describe them. In the park there are miles of asphalted paths, which are used by Lord Salisbury for his cycling exercise, but his favourite haunt for this relaxation from the cares of State is a wide tar-paved track, abutting the great conservatory and the herbaceous garden planned by the late Marchioness. The most interesting garden, perhaps, is the Priory Garden, on the west side of the house, said to have been planned by James I., with its arceding of trained lime trees and sentinel mulberry trees at each corner. Adjoining it is the Rosary, supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth's garden. Indeed, one turns in no direction without being reminded of good Queen Bess. Her spirit haunts the place, and, in addition to the many relics preserved at Hatfield, there are numerous portraits of the Virgin Queen, the most interesting being Zuccheri's celebrated "Rainbow" portrait, in which the subject is represented holding a rainbow, attired in a gorgeous robe curiously embroidered with eyes and ears, emblematic of knowledge and wisdom. What is supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth's garden is the site of a



THE JAMES I. DRAWING-ROOM



THE CHAPEL



THE CLOISTER



THE OLD ORGAN

the first Marchioness, who was burnt to death in the great fire at Hatfield House in 1835. Elizabeth's jewel case, in tortoiseshell and silver, is also kept here.

The Long Gallery is 160 feet from end to end, and its ceiling is entirely gilded—a copy of one seen in Venice by the last Marquess. The gold leaf used on it cost 1,700/. There are three transepts to the Gallery, and in the centre one, from which a view of the Marble Hall below may be obtained through the peepholes mentioned just now, is kept Queen Elizabeth's cradle. In the loggia at the western end are portraits of Henry VIII.—the much-married monarch—and his boy of six wives, and near by is one of the most curious things extant—a chart, twelve to fifteen yards long, which traces Queen Elizabeth's ancestry back to Adam and Eve. It is kept in an elaborately carved oak case, and the genealogical tree is beautifully emblazoned in colours. Queen Bess did some queer things during her life, but, surely, when she ordered this chart to be prepared, she not only did what was characteristic, but flattered her inordinate vanity at the same time. The Long Gallery is used as a ballroom, and when Lord Cranborne

deposited here before the regiment went out to South Africa. The ceiling of the chapel is a copy of that of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the east window is filled with very fine old Flemish stained glass, the reredos is of exquisite marbles and alabaster, and the seats are of old carved oak. Morning and evening prayers are said here, and Lord Salisbury occupies the first seat on the left next the Communion rails.

The armoury corresponds in length to the Long Gallery above, and the arcades which face the south have a pretty diaper pattern, which was formerly open, but was filled in with glass by the last Marquess just before the Queen's visit in 1846, when he spent 50,000/. on renovations. The north wall is hung with magnificent tapestry, representing the four seasons, and between the arches of the arcades on one side and the tapestry on the other, are figures in suits of armour. Each one holds a lance, at the top of which is a quaint lantern with red glass. I have heard this called a piece of vandalism, but without going so far as that, I can fancy that the knights who donned the armour to fight in the Spanish Armada would turn in their graves did they but know to what base uses their mail has been put.

portion of the old palace, the foundations of which are covered by ivy's enveloping robe. On the east front is a broad terrace, leading by a flight of steps into the Italian garden, beyond which is a maze, and beyond again one of these beautiful old Dutch gardens which are all colour and perfume.

Hatfield Church stands at Lord Salisbury's very door, and the red brick front of the old palace faces its eastern end. Between the palace and the churchyard is a small enclosure, with a newly erected tomb. It marks the last resting-place of Lord Salisbury's wife. Over this very spot used to run the Great North Road, and it is conceivable that Dick Turpin, who had a peculiar fondness for Hatfield and the Six Bells Inn in Fore Street, traversed this road many a time, and raced over it in his famous ride from London to York.

Hatfield—now in its political stage—cannot compare with Chatsworth, Blenheim, and many another stately home built for show. An air of homeliness pervades it, for it was built for residence, but were I asked to take my choice of the famous homes of England, I would reply "Give me Hatfield."

FRANK CLAREN.

LORD SALISBURY AT HOME: PICTURES OF HATFIELD HOUSE

From Photographs taken by special permission of the Marquess of Salisbury by A. J. Campbell, Chesapeake

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

SINCE last week's notes were published there has been a revolution at Westminster. The most prominent figure in the House of Lords has disappeared from the front. In the House of Commons Mr. Arthur Balfour has been welcomed as Premier. The momentous events were dealt with in that businesslike fashion that is at once the amazement and the despair of mercurial neighbours on the Continent. It is true that when Mr. Balfour entered the House of Commons, modestly wearing for the first time his new dignity, he was welcomed with a storm of cheering, the applause contributed almost in equal volume from either side. But when the cheers had died away, and congratulation had been offered and acknowledged, the House went about the orders of the day in its customary manner.

As for the House of Lords, there was nothing but a succession of formal speeches to mark the historic event. The Duke of Devonshire, succeeding to Lord Salisbury's place, opened the proceedings with a speech whose phlegmatic note gave tone to the whole affair. His Grace was plainly hampered by recollection of the fact that a few hours earlier, to an audience that included most of those now listening to him, he had already said what was at his heart about the Marquess of Salisbury. Since etiquette and precedent demanded that notice of the event should be taken in the House of Lords, it would have been convenient and sufficient if he had been permitted to read over his speech at the Foreign Office. That, of course, would never do. In his new capacity as Leader of the House, standing in the place long filled by the burly figure of the retired statesman, he must say something appropriate to the occasion.

On his dilemma flashed a happy thought. He had been Lord Salisbury's colleague for a comparatively brief time. He represented the Liberal wing in the Ministerial forces. He would leave to someone else the duty of dealing with the ex-Premier as a leading typical Conservative, he confining himself to dealing with Lord Salisbury's relations with the Liberal Unionists.

On these terms the Duke acquitted himself pretty well. But the House did not recover from the wet blanket of his speech. On occasions like this we are accustomed to find the House of Lords soar to the highest level of oratory. On Monday it did not rise above the line of mediocrity. Only Lord Rosebery attempted anything approaching flight into eloquence. The effort he restricted to a sentence in which he spoke of the great forest tree cut down, permitting younger shoots to rise to the sun, receiving new vigour and development from the absence of the overshadowing tree.

In the Commons, the scene was as touching as in the Lords it was frigid. Mr. Balfour's charm of manner, his genuine good nature, his keen sense of humour, his unfailing courtesy, have woven a spell that enchains even the Irish member. Apart from delight in his well-earned, promotion to the proudest pinnacle on which an English statesman can stand, there was a feeling of satisfaction that the House of Commons has come into its own again. The necessity of the premiership going to Lord Salisbury, after the rout of Liberals in 1895, was acknowledged. But only because it was inevitable, unavoidable. As the Duke of Devonshire, in another of his curious asides (this time he was speaking at the Foreign Office meeting), remarked, "Save under the most exceptional circumstances, it is fitting that the leader of a party in the House of Commons should also be the responsible head of the Government." The selection of Mr. Balfour in succession to the Marquess of Salisbury put matters once more on a true constitutional basis, restoring the relations between the House of Commons and the First Minister of the Crown established in the time of Pitt, of Peel, of Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman justly appreciated and swiftly expressed the feeling of the crowded House. According to the parliamentary Cocker he should have waited till Questions were over, and then risen with formal speech to welcome the new Premier. By happy instinct he broke in on the course of questions, and holding out the right hand of fellowship across a table dented with blows from angry partisans, grasped Mr. Balfour's in unfeigned amity. He spoke only a few sentences. Their very simplicity and informality struck a chord in the hearts of his audience that resounded in repeated bursts of cheering. Mr. Balfour, an old parliamentary hand, steeled in cultured cynicism, fairly broke down. After uttering a few faltering sentences, he resumed his seat, saying, with a voice choked with emotion, "I am quite incapable of saying what I feel." It was a charming scene that will long light up the arid field of party politics.

"La Veine" at the Garrick

THERE have been many French theatrical companies in London this season, but Madame Granier and the company from the Théâtre des Variétés is the most French of them all, if one may use the term to imply all-round excellence, command of technique, and perfection of detail. M. Coquelin and Madame Bernhardt brought themselves, and it gave one great pleasure to see them, but they did not bring with them such a company and setting as is being presented at the Garrick this week and next. Charlotte Lanier, the heroine of M. Capus's play, is Julien Brebard's "mascotte." She has brought him luck, and will continue to do so he believes; but this does not prevent him falling in love with another, with the result that Charlotte leaves him, to return after many days with little prospect of happiness. Charlotte is finely and delightfully drawn, the man Julien is not merely a selfish brute, but an unmitigated cad. He is admirably played, though, by M. Guitry. Indeed, without any actor or actors in the company displaying a fascinating personality, every member is either so great an artist, so perfectly stage-managed, or so carefully chosen, that M. Alfred Capus's play appears as a carefully taken, perfectly developed photograph of a certain phase of Paris life in 1902. The glimpse behind the scenes is perfect. What is a shop like when the customers are not

in it? What are the thoughts of *ouvrières* when not on duty? How do they leave their work and rush away from their patron on a Saturday afternoon? Go to the Garrick and observe; for there you will see the actual thing. The picture is not spoiled as we should spoil it in England by allowing a crowd of over-dressed women to show how well they can look on the stage, but here are actresses trying to give you convincing, living, speaking portraits of the characters the author has written—and succeeding admirably. The work-girls *are* work-girls, the hard-working little shopkeeper who employs them is a hard-working little shopkeeper, even as Simone who fascinates Julien is unquestionably a society lady. So it is throughout the whole company; with the result that at the end

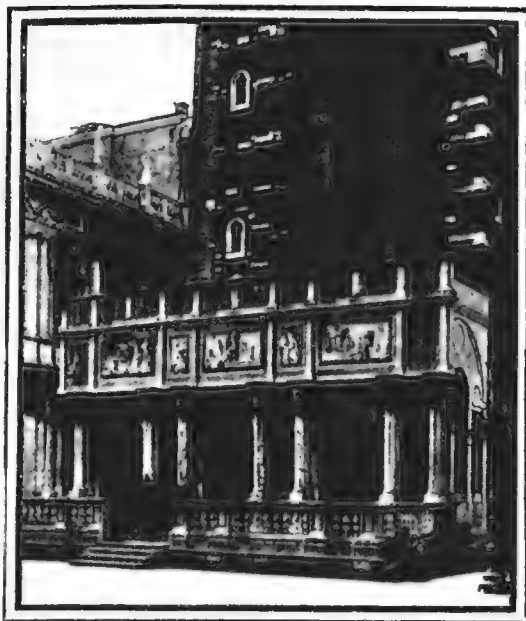
one has not got any idea of the personality of a single member of the company, but is on intimate terms with the characters they present. Yet all praise is not for the actors. The play is remarkably clever, unstaged, lifelike—in fact it deals largely with what one has always been told would be ineffective on the stage. There are no great emotional scenes, though great emotions are aroused and great things happen. There is no straining on the part of author or actor or actress. One may look forward with pleasure to next Monday, when *Les Deux Ecoles*, by the same author, is to be played by the same company, for Mme. Granier has scored a real triumph, and disagreeable though *La Veine* may be in conception, it is brilliant in execution.



GENERAL VISCOUNT KITCHENER

The latest Photograph, taken at the Army Headquarters, Pretoria, on June 13, by R. C. E. Nissen, Johannesburg

The Library which was injured



THE LOGGETTA AT THE BASE OF THE CAMPANILE
From a Photograph by Gear, Chidley and Co., Great Portland Street, W.

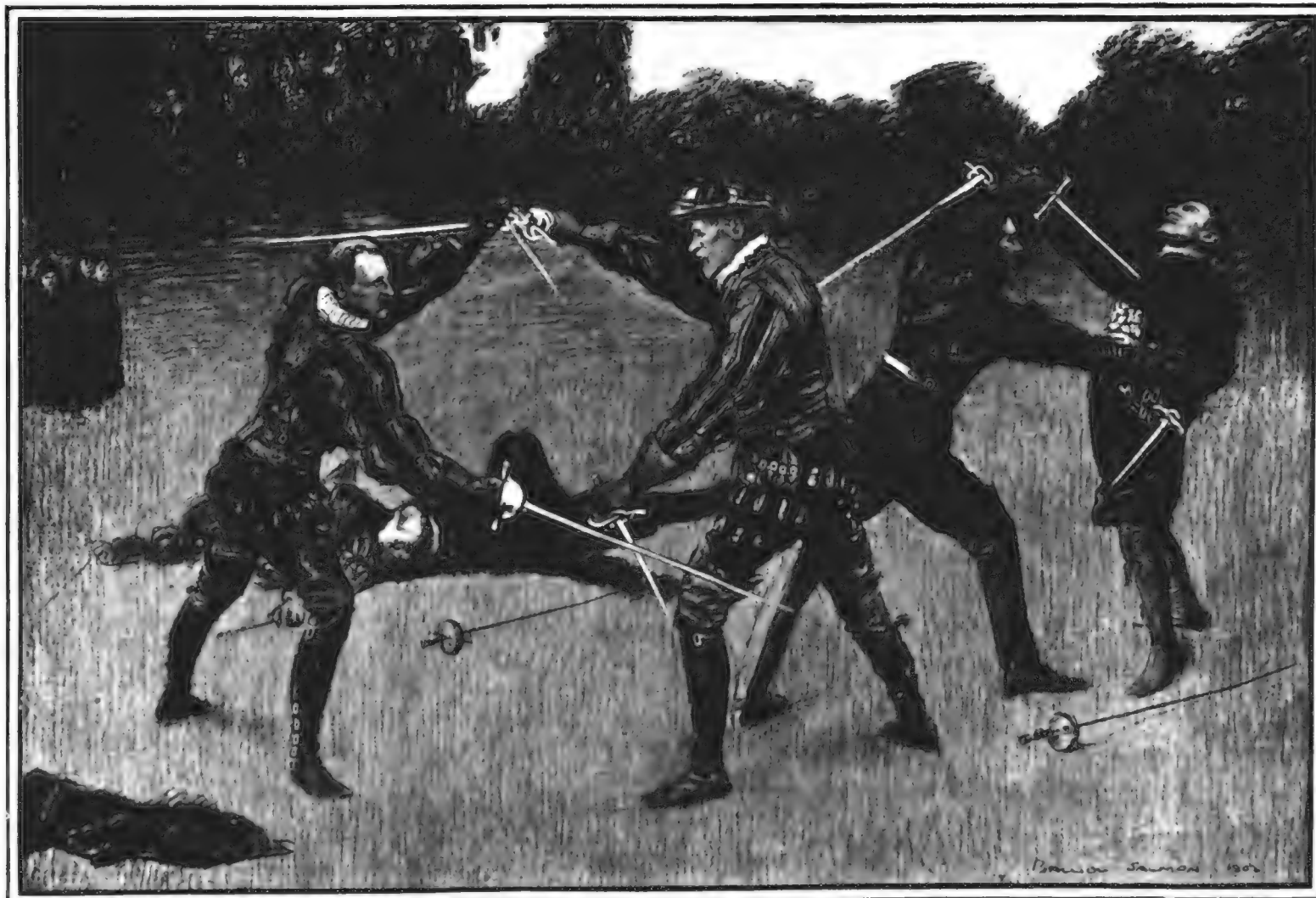
The Fallen Campanile

THE Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral collapsed on Monday on to the Piazza, and is now a heap of ruins. As its collapse had been foreseen, the authorities had some minutes' time to have the Piazza cleared. There was, consequently, no loss of life. The ruins are piled up to the height of about 100ft., and the Piazza di San Marco and the adjoining squares are covered with *débris* and dust. Eye-witnesses report that a large piece of masonry, about two metres in length, first became detached from the cleft which had formed in the tower, and fell upon the Sansovino Terrace, at the foot of the tower fronting the entrance to the Doges' Palace. The Campanile then subsided slowly and gently like a house of cards, the upper part, containing the bells, being buried in the ruins. The large copper figure of an angel, 30ft. high, which

crowned the spire, was projected beyond the heap of *débris*, fell on the right gate of the church, and was broken. The Sansovino Terrace is buried under the rubbish, and it is feared that the bas-reliefs in the Loggetta, by Girolamo, the columns of Greek marble, the bronze statues by Sansovino, and the posterns by Gai, are destroyed or much injured. The roof and façade of the corner wing of the old library, begun by Sansovino, and forming part of the Royal Palace, were broken in. The tower was not in itself, with its sixteenth century loggetta of Sansovino and spire on a ninth century tower, a particularly beautiful or original structure, but it is difficult to imagine Venice without it. The loggetta above referred to, which is shown in our smaller illustration, has been the subject of much discussion. It was built about 1540, and was ornamented with bronze statues of Pallas, Apollo, Mercury and Peace, cast by Sansovino. The tower will be rebuilt exactly on the old lines. The Communal Council has made a grant of £20,000, and there will be little difficulty in raising the £240,000 required. It seems probable that when further details come to hand it will be found that the ancient part of the tower, which was never intended by the original architects to be topped in the manner designed by the Renaissance builders, subsided in consequence of its having been weakened in the eighteenth century by damage from lightning.



THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, WHICH COLLAPSED ON MONDAY
From a Photograph by the Rotary Photographic Company



LIEUT.-COL. G. R. MATTHEWS, F.S.A.

CAPT. A. HUTTON, F.S.A.

CAPTAIN T. H. WHITTON

CAPTAIN STENSON COOKE

This duel was one item in the capital programme of the matinee given at the Hippodrome on Tuesday to help to raise funds for the new Nurses' Home which is being built on to Charing Cross Hospital. In addition to a selection from the Hippodrome programme which included Mlle. Helene Gerard and her trained horse and dog; Everhart, the hoop twister; and the remarkable bursting dance scene from *The Bandits*, several other well-known entertainers gave their services. Among them were

Mr. David Devant, with his deft hands and his shadows, and Miss Esmé Beninger, who recited. Lieut. Colonel Hamilton, of the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards, had sent the pipes of the battalion as a charitable contribution; and Colonel Lord Binning authorised a splendid display of the Guards' Musical Ride, performed by the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). A special article on the fencing part of the entertainment will be found on page 90.

AN ELIZABETHAN DUEL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAPTAIN HUTTON, PERFORMED AT THE HIPPODROME

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

It's very hot! I made this remark the other day to an impudent little lass, and she said, "Why can't you make an original observation?" Probably my readers will make the same observation. It is curious when people talk about the weather they generally confine themselves to the obvious. Everyone tells everybody else exactly what he knew before. Now as I don't pretend to be better and wiser than anybody else, I will do the same and repeat, "It is very hot!" Indeed it is so hot that I feel like Sydney Smith, who said "he should like to take off his flesh and sit in his bones." It is so hot that nothing but the high sense of duty of the Bystander and his determination never to disappoint his readers causes this column to be produced as usual. Indeed I think it would be a novelty if it were announced that during the tropical weather this column would be left blank to give a refreshing coolness to the paper. I don't feel as if I could write much. Let me sing! Here goes!

I do not feel up to caligraphy's toil—
The paper is scorching, the ink all a-boil;
My penholder burns and the nib's all a-glow,
My mind is a blank and ideas will not flow;
I can't cross a t, nor an i can I dot—
Because I'm so hot!

I'd love to have nothing whatever to do,
Than loit all day long in a basswood canoe!
To dream through the hours, where the chestnuts droop low,
By Ankerwycke bend, where the stream runneth slow,
I'd lounge in that pleasant, cool, breeze-blessed spot—
Because I'm so hot!

I would I were musing 'neath celadon shade,
Where leaf-lyrics sigh in the Miseden glade;
Or watching the Colne, with its gleam and its glide,
By Libury stealing at still eventide!
The world I'd forget—by the world be forgot—
Because I'm so hot!

Ah! would that from town I could quickly depart
And "stand by" and laze by the swift-running Dart;
Where ripples flash bright in the trout-haunted fall,
And peaches grow red on the Vicarage wall!
I then should be happy indeed—should I not?
Although I'm so hot!

If only some fairy would bring, in a trice,
A bountiful beaker of cider and ice,
With soda and lemon-peel, softened you know,
By blue-blossomed borage and dry Curaçoa!
I candidly own I would drink the whole lot—
Because I'm so hot!

And after all, so fickle and changeable is this climate, that possibly by the time these lines appear we may be all shivering with cold and wondering when skating will begin. We may be putting on our thickest ulsters, providing ourselves with fur overcoats, twining warm scarves about our necks and sitting by the side of a blazing fire. And perchance the weather may be so inclement that we shall find wassail, old port, hot grog or boiling sangarorum much more to our taste than cider-cup. As the bard has sung, "Coy as a woman and fickle as she, No one can tell what the weather will be!"

Has anybody noticed the growth of flag-staves in London during the last few years? In the last few months, with the prospect of the Coronation celebrations before us, the crop has increased enormously. Every public building now has its flag-staff and not a few private houses are well provided with the means of adding to the festal appearance of our streets. If you look out of your window nowadays you will be perfectly astounded at the forest of flag-staves you may behold on all hands, whereas a few years ago you would not have seen a single example. The latest addition is that on the church of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields. A very fine mast has here been erected which reaches from the apex of the pediment over the portico to the level of the upper circumference of the clock. It is well adapted for the display of large flags on occasions of public rejoicing. Possibly the curious little flag-staff that used to swing out like a gate from the belfry will now be disestablished. Probably this has existed ever since the completion of Gibbs's structure in 1726, and I am inclined to think you see it depicted in several of Hogarth's pictures. I fancy I have a recollection of it in the background of "Beer Street" and "The Enraged Musician."

My note with regard to the threatened invasion of poets with psalteries at afternoon teas and evening receptions, and the prospect of what we should have to endure from endless declamation, and the chance that they would require other instruments to support their lays, has been the subject of a most humorous lyric in a recent number of *Truth*. I regret I have only space for the quotation of one verse, which runs as follows:—

Only think what fresh dread it would add to our lives,
If, at every Society function,
We were asked to submit—
(Oh! the pity of it!)
To a bard and big drum in conjunction!
Pray imagine the scare if, when dinner was done,
Vagrant poets should in with the cello glide,
And, in stentor-like way,
Thunder out a long lay,
With a backbone of oboe or ophicleide!

This foreshadows terrible possibilities if the new idea is likely to be developed. Let us hope in all cases the accompaniment will be *fortissimo*, then the conversation will become general and we shall be spared a great deal.

"Portrait of a Young Woman," by Boucher

IN the Salle Lacaze—the room devoted to the magnificent collection which M. Louis Lacaze bequeathed to the Louvre—hangs this beautiful portrait of a young lady: a picture which has special significance in that museum, as it is the only example of portraiture there shown among all the twenty pictures by the master. Hanging where it does, it has always captivated the spectator by its vivacity, by the half-smile, and by the colour, refined if rather cold. The hair is powdered, the fur-trimmed velvet cloak is blue, and the bow at the neck is of the same hue—Boucher's favourite blue. The picture has usually been known as "La Fille au Manchon" ("The Girl with the Muff"), and admitted to be an incomparable example of Boucher's art; yet it was executed, curiously enough, when the painter was giving proofs that his hand was losing its cunning. It is, indeed, the best of his quiet, personal portraits, elegant and graceful, but with little of that magic charm of feeling and technique which we find in Reynolds and Gainsborough. Our reproduction of this picture, which forms one of our supplements this week, is the frontispiece to Vol. LXV.

Music

CONCERTS

THE concert season will practically close after this week. On Monday Madame Patti gave her final concert this season; her programme, besides the inevitable encores, including Elisabeth's Prayer from *Tannhäuser*, Mozart's "Dehviene," and the waltz song, "Il Bacio," by Signor Arditi, who, by the way, on Wednesday, attained the fine old age of eighty.

Among other concerts may likewise be mentioned violin performances given by a *débutant*, Herr van Ende, who, however, was far too nervous to do himself justice; by a Greek violinist, M. Anemoyanni, a promising performer, who was especially excellent in a Greek piece from his own pen; by Miss Winifred Robinson, a young violinist who has already won celebrity here; by M. Hegedus, the Hungarian violinist, and by M. Johannes Wolff, one of the most popular performers on the violin now before the public. M. Foldes, the Bohemian violoncellist, has likewise given a concert, playing on the violoncello one of Paganini's concertos, surely an unnecessary experiment. To-day M. Kulbelik makes his last appearance this season.

THE OPERA

We last week gave a description of Mr. Bunning's new opera, *The Princess Osra*, which was duly produced at Covent Garden on



DRAWN BY GEORGE ROBER

FROM A SKETCH BY RALPH NELSON

The news that peace had been declared was received with much rejoicing in New Zealand. At Roturua the event was celebrated on the evening of June 2 amid wild enthusiasm. A huge bonfire was lighted on Pukeroa Hill, where a large crowd assembled. The local Volunteers turned out, and the Maori girls danced the Poi dance to the music of the bands. The noise of the rockets and of the volleys fired by the troops was deafening, but the more noise and the bigger the blaze from the bonfire the more delighted was the crowd.

CELEBRATING PEACE DAY AT ROTURUA, NEW ZEALAND

Monday. It is understood that *The Princess Osra* was originally intended for the Paris Opéra Comique, where M. Messager, who directed the performance on Monday, is conductor; and it was perfectly obvious to everybody that it would have been better suited to a smaller theatre than to Covent Garden, where broad effects are more essential than delicacy of detail. Moreover, the opera chorus did not appear to at all enter into the spirit of the thing, and even some of the principal artists took a light opera far too seriously. The Princess herself, as depicted by Mr. Anthony Hope, is really a joyous and laughter-loving young lady, not at all averse to a practical joke, as her treatment of the amorous miller (one of the best stories in the volume) will demonstrate. Miss Mary Garden, however, pretty as she looked in the very modern costumes worn by a Princess of Strelau in what the opera book described as "the middle ages," was practically nothing more than the love-sick damsel of conventional opera; while Stephen the smith, one of the Princess's numerous victims, was the mere tenor lover, instead of being the masterful and rough-spoken silversmith drawn by the English author. King Henry the Lion would probably have made much shorter work than he did of so tame a creature as the smith of the opera, although it is only fair to say that M. Maréchal was excellent in the love business, and except that the principal air in the palace scene was a little too much for him, the French tenor sang the music on the whole well. The rest had comparatively little to do, although M. Gilbert as the Court fool has a capital song with glockenspiel accompaniment. On Friday of this week Mr. Bunning's opera was announced to be repeated, in the same programme with Miss Ethel Smyth's *Der Wald*, which was then to be given for the first time in England.

With these exceptions the week at Covent Garden has been devoted to repetitions of operas already heard this season. There have, however, been certain changes of cast, and, among others, Madame Litvinne, who played Brünnhilde at Covent Garden some years ago, has been added to the company, more especially to sing to-night in *Don Giovanni* the rôle of Donna Anna. One of the most interesting features of this Mozart revival, however, promises to be the Don Ottavio of Signor Caruso. Madame Melba, who had been holiday-making at her riverside cottage at the foot of the Quarry Woods, has returned to London, and was announced to make her re-appearance at Covent Garden on Thursday in *La Traviata*.

Elizabethan Fencing

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAPTAIN ALFRED HUTTON, F.S.A.

IN the sixteenth century much ado was made about the "Point of Honour," though of Honour itself much of a point was not always made.

The very slightest suggestion of a doubt of a gentleman's veracity demanded a fight to the death, and it often happened that the two quarrellers would repair alone to their battle-ground. This gave rise to many acts of "supercherie." A rogue of a fellow would appear on the scene with a shirt of mail under his clothes, another would carry in his pocket a handful of dust, which he



FILLING CHOCOLATE BOXES AT A YORK FACTORY IN READINESS FOR THE "QUEEN'S TEAS"

would throw in his adversary's face, and so kill him at a disadvantage, while a third unfortunate would never arrive at all, his enemy having caused him to be despatched by an ambush on his way to the place. Hence it became customary for duellists to be attended by an escort of two or three, or even more friends, whose duty it was to search the opposite principal for secret armour, charms of magic, or any other wicked thing, and to see generally that the fight was a fair one. But a change of fashion took place. Two gentlemen of Henri's Court—M. de Quelus, His Majesty's chief "Mignon," and Entraguet, a favourite of the Duc de Guise—fell a-quarrelling about a certain lady light o' love, who cared not a button for either of them, and agreed to settle the matter in the usual fashion. They arrived at the trysting-place, Quelus attended by Maugiron and Livarot, and Entraguet by Ribérac and Schomberg. The principals engaged at once, and Ribérac, who was of a peaceable disposition for the period, remarked to Maugiron "What are we to do? The cause of quarrel is a very absurd one; had we not better try to bring these two gentlemen to an agreement?" Maugiron replied, "I am not come here to string pearls, I am come to fight." Quoth Ribérac: "Fight! Why you are not mixed up in this affair; who on earth do you want to fight with?" "I mean to fight with you." "Well, then, since you are so determined the point of honour obliges me to fall in with you, but at least let us first say our prayers." With that Ribérac drew his weapons, and, placing his dagger athwart his

rapier in the form of a cross, knelt down and prayed fervently, to the great disgust of the impatient Maugiron. They attacked each other furiously, and in a minute or two both were stretched on the ground never to rise again.

Schomberg and Livarot, who were still looking on, agreed that people might say unkind things about them if they stood twiddling their thumbs when all their friends were fighting, so they commenced operations on their own account. Schomberg led off with a *man dritto* cut (a very risky performance, as the event showed), which completely laid open Livarot's left cheek; but the latter gave him in return a counter-hit in the shape of a thrust in the body, which killed him at once.

Of the two principals, Entraguet escaped with nothing more than a scratch on his arm, leaving Quelus on the ground bleeding from no less than nineteen wounds.

This sanguinary encounter ushered in the baleful custom for all the attendant friends to take part in the combat, and many a valiant gentleman lost his life about a quarrel in which he had no personal concern.

The triple duel, which took place at the Hippodrome on Tuesday, was intended to represent an encounter of the above character. All the combatants were experienced rapier and dagger players, the fight was a genuine one, had not been theatrically rehearsed, and it was not known beforehand which would be "killed."

The ancient custom of the victors carrying away the weapons of their fallen enemies was adhered to, and the slain were borne from the ground by attendants.

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Our Bookshelf

"DELHI—1857"

A MORE important collection of letters are those describing the siege, assault and capture of Delhi, "as given in the diary and correspondence of the late Colonel Keith Young, C.B., Judge-Advocate General, Bengal." They are edited by General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., and Mrs. Keith Young. The volume also contains an interesting and sympathetic memoir and introduction by Sir Henry Wylie Norman. Colonel Keith Young at first attributed the Mutiny, as did many others, to the use by the native troops, of greased cartridges. Writing to Colonel H. B. Henderson on March 24, 1857, he says:—

"So far as we know yet, the whole business has been caused by an idea that got into the men's heads that pig's and cow's fat was used in the preparation of the cartridges for the British rifles, and I believe there was some foundation for the report—log's lard being the proper thing, I fancy, to use."

Five weeks later he writes:—

"There is no little uneasiness felt in India on the subject, for the disaffection appears so unsettled that I am quite prepared to see it show itself at any of our stations. Barrackpore, they say, is quieted down, and the neck of the Mutiny has been broken there by the late exertions made."

Over and over again Colonel Young reiterates the sentiment embodied in the following sentence, which is in the same letter as the above:—"My old chief, poor old Sir Charles Napier, would be the man for the present occasion. Decisive action is everything in such emergencies, and he was just the man to act with energy." The delay in assaulting the city naturally caused fresh disappointment at Simla, where so many of the officers' relations were living, and many officers were even very severe in their remarks regarding General Wilson. On September 12 we find the Colonel writing to his wife:—

"What a very self-sufficient fellow Hodson is, talking or rather writing in the way he does, for I have not heard him broach such opinions here as those he ventures to write to his wife! It is all very well abusing General Wilson for not taking Delhi, but the general impression is, amongst all those likely to know anything about the matter, that he exercised a wise discretion in waiting for the siege train, and in using it when it came. You may depend upon it, General Wilson has no intention whatever of waiting more than another day or two before assaulting the place."

It is not necessary, nor have we the space, to enlarge on the story of the assault, but we should certainly advise all who are interested in the Mutiny to go to the book itself, for it is extremely interesting and, historically, extremely valuable. Colonel Keith Young himself was a most gallant soldier and a most able and discriminating judge.

"THE EVESHAMS"

"The Eveshams," by Edmund White, designated in brackets James Blythe Patton (Hurst and Blackett), is a well-written and well-thought-out story of the middle seventeen hundreds. Opening

"Delhi—1857." (Chambers.)

with a scene obviously suggested by the encounter between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, it follows the drifting of one of the parties to it, Lord Falthorpe, into an inextricable a dilemma between two women, a wife and a mistress, as was ever the lot of an unfortunate gentleman—for gentleman he was, despite the situation thus suggested. The accounting circumstances are ingeniously woven from those of the period, including the influence over Lady Falthorpe, of the great religious revival in conflict with a social tone rendering many situations quite natural then which would be called scandalous now. As a rule, novel-readers—and quite rightly—object to unhappy endings, but, in the present instance, no other

life in the same State before the war. Indeed, in both respects, the novel may take rank with quite the best that has been written upon the same lines: while it will be long before either the great conflict or the social conditions that it swept away will lose their fascination. That a woman's mind should have so intensely entered into the grim details of actual warfare, and her pen have produced them with such vivid realism, is a matter for wonder. The authoress, however, has by no means neglected the romantic side of her subject, and her characters—notably her heroine—have a profoundly sympathetic interest of their own, independently of the larger drama in which they are persons of no importance: while it is just the manner in which the great affairs of history affect the unimportant people that gives human life to what is otherwise impersonal and vague. There is naturally a Southern tone in a novel that follows the fortunes of a soldier of Lee, but it can hardly be said to amount to a bias—at any rate, to none of which anybody can complain—now that the equality of both sides in respect of honesty, self-sacrificing patriotism, and, indeed, all that we mean by chivalry, has long been clear. The novel successfully appeals to the best class of readers, and this without forfeiting attraction for a class that is considerably wider.

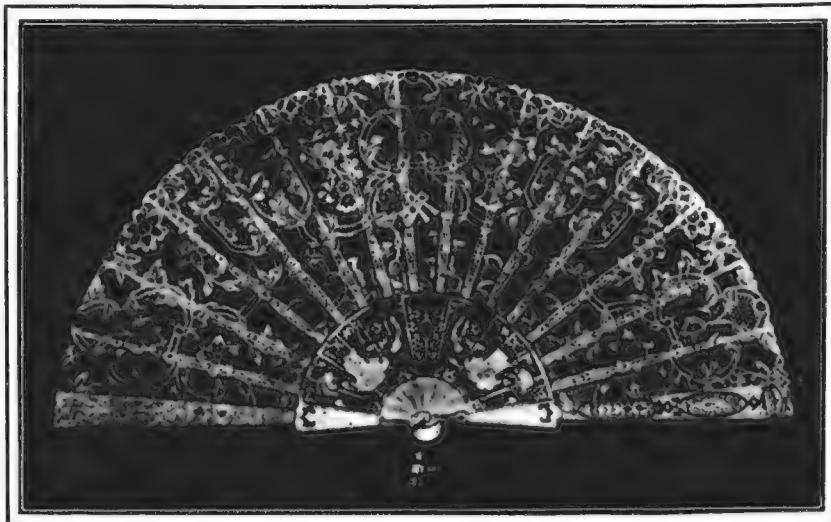
"THE GREAT AWAKENING"

Stories of lost memory are far from uncommon. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, however, has gone one better than the best—at any rate one farther than the farthest—by not merely depriving his heroine of all recollection of her actual identity and its accompanying experience, but for substituting for it a recovered knowledge of previous existence many centuries ago. Such is "The Great Awakening" of his novel thus entitled (Ward, Lock and Co.)—the result of certain surgical operations upon the brain made by way of scientific experiment in accordance with certain Oriental discoveries left by Mr. Oppenheim (perhaps discreetly) undescribed. The inevitable complications are, however, set forth, if unconvincingly, yet in such wise as to keep the reader's curiosity well aglow. Curiosity would fatter deserve to be called interest were there something more definite in the way of detail—one may not care much for sham science, even at its best! but even at its worst it is essentially dependent for its effect upon the art of compelling belief that five blue beans make any number

except five. As things are, one follows the Great Awakening as if it were a tale of the Genii, wherein anything might happen with as little reason as rhyme. Still even this much amounts to praise: and whatever praise can be given the novel on this ground is well deserved.

"THE ROMANCE OF AN EASTERN PRINCE"

This anonymous romance is the story of a young Indian potentate, who, coming to London in order to bring about a fraternal union between the East and the West, falls in love with, and idealises, an



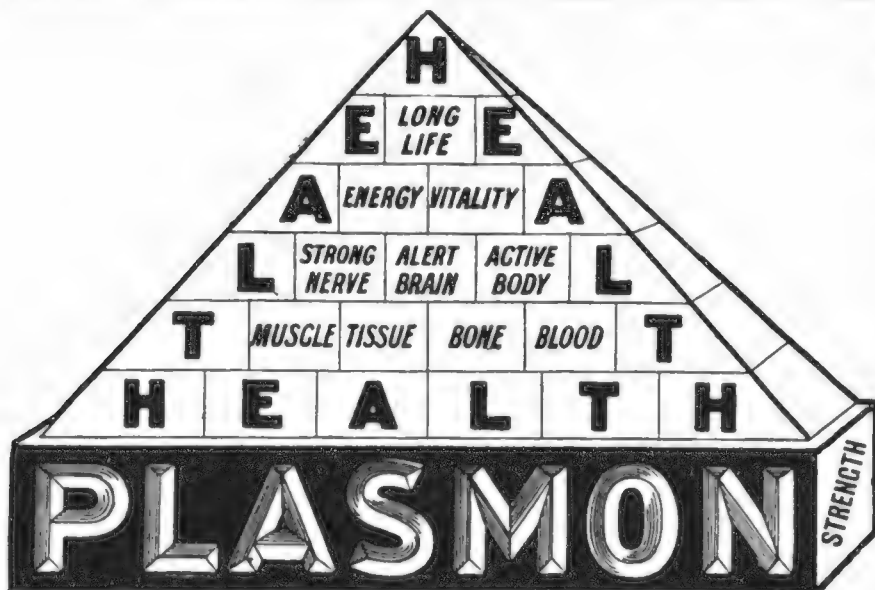
This fan is intended for use on Coronation Day. The lace is Irish point and lacet work. The design of the Royal crown, the Royal initials, and of the rose, shamrock and thistle has been worked in point in the centre and on both sides by Miss Oldroyd, of Faversham, a member of the Guild. The mount is made of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold, carved and ornamented with the same emblems and flowers as the lace. It is the work of Mr. Robert Gleeson, a member of the Guild, who is in the employ of Messrs. Duvellery, Regent Street. The mounting of the fan was entrusted to Miss Gleeson, who is in the employ of Mr. Joseph Ettlinger, a member of the Court of Assistants of the Company. The bow and rivet are in gold, and a diamond is inserted on each side of the rivet. The whole has been carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. J. C. Marshall, the Master of the Company; Mr. A. Ross Collins and Mr. Gilbert Purvis, the Wardens; Mr. Joseph Ettlinger; and Sir Homewood Craxford, the Senior Past Master.

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sort was possible. The portraiture is well finished, without carrying the least attentive reader out of his depth—in short, "The Eveshams" is an excellent example of what the average novel ought to be. Would that it were!

"THE BATTLE-GROUND"

"The Battle-ground," by Ellen Glasgow (Archibald Constable and Co.), is an exceedingly interesting story of the American Civil War as experienced by a private in one of the Companies of Virginia. No less interesting is the preliminary picture of plantation



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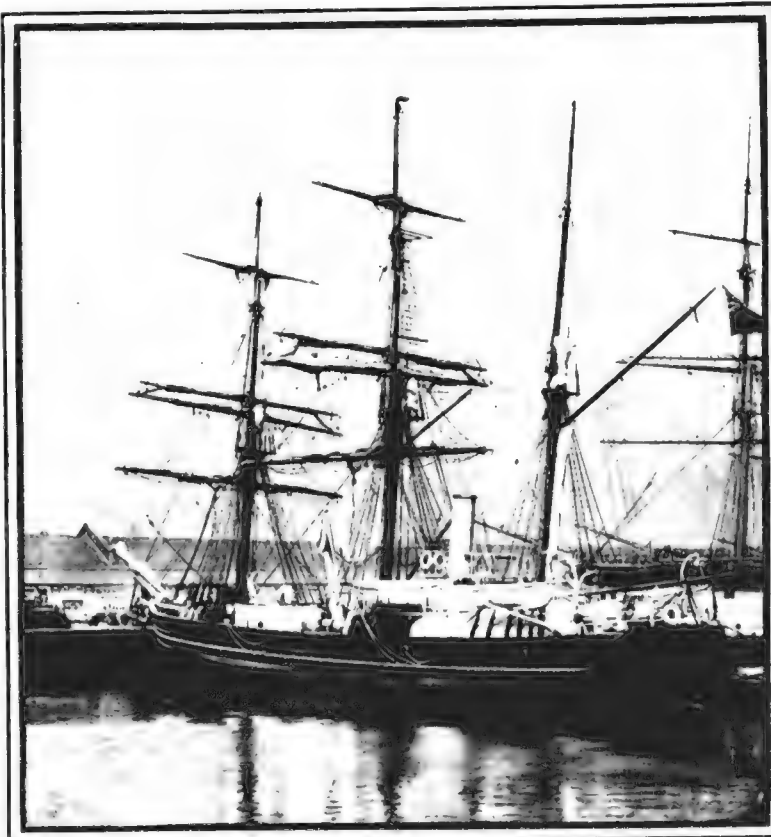
evidently very commonplace English girl, for whom he cultivates a silent but all-absorbing passion. She never appears upon the scene, except through the medium of his rhapsodies; but he obviously bored her to the last extreme, and finally the poor Prince, living for her sake—though without her knowledge—given up sovereignty, country, ambition, mission, and even caste, took refuge from himself in suicide at the hour of her marriage with another. Yet he cannot be said to have lived in vain. His memoirs display an acute appreciation, on their actual author's part, of all the fundamental differences between East and West, moral, political, and intellectual, and the opposite standpoint of the Oriental and Occidental towards every mundane or supermundane topic that can be named. If the chasm can ever be bridged, it will be by such writers as the present. But scarcely by such stories—these are quite another thing. It is published by Mr. Grant Richards.

"MEMOIRS OF SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B., ETC."

There are not many men living at the present day whose memories carry them back to the battle of Waterloo, and there are still fewer who, at the age of ninety-three, could indite as bright, interesting, and versatile an autobiography as that of Sir Edward Blount—for autobiography it is, though the writer has had the valuable assistance of his friend, Mr. Reid, in putting his notes in order and seeing the volume through the press. Sir Edward has led an unusually active, eventful, and useful life; in fact, it might with truth be said that work was his only pastime. Of an old and distinguished Catholic family, he was born in 1809, and after being educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, a well-known Catholic seat of learning, he entered the Provincial Bank of Ireland, a concern of which his father was one of the founders. Shortly after he joined the diplomatic service, being successively attached to the Home Office and the Embassies at Paris and at Rome. He did not remain long in the public service, and in 1831 entered the banking firm in Paris of Callaghan and Company; but his arrangements with them not working to his satisfaction, he founded, with the assistance of his father, the bank of Edward Blount Père et Fils in the Rue Lafitte, Paris. In 1834 he married the daughter of Mr. William Charles Jerminham. Both whilst in the diplomatic service and as an influential banker Sir Edward came into close and intimate contact with most men of note in London, Paris and Rome. Amongst the most celebrated we might mention Canning, Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli, in England; Louis Philippe, Napoleon III., Thiers, General Gallifet, and President Loubet, in France; Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, in Italy; and hosts of others throughout Europe, of all of which he has something interesting and amusing to relate.

* "Memoirs of Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B., &c." Edited by Stuart I. Reid. (Longmans.)

He saw the downfall of Louis Philippe and the rise and fall of Napoleon III. To safeguard the interests of his clients, and to care for the welfare of his countrymen in Paris, he remained in the French capital throughout the siege, where, unmindful of his own health and strength, he laboured unceasingly to alleviate the distress both of his compatriots and the French poor.



The steam yacht *Morning*, which has been purchased by the Royal Geographical Society to act as a relief ship of the *Discovery*, left East India Docks last week, under the command of Mr. William Colbeck, a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and with a ship's company of twenty-nine all told. The *Morning* is a Norwegian ship, specially built for strength. Her length is 140ft., breadth 31ft., and depth 16ft. Her gross tonnage is 437 and her registered tonnage 297. Besides the coal required for the *Morning* herself, she will be able to take out 200 tons for the *Discovery*, together with ample supplies of such articles as will be most required by the explorers. The *Morning*, after coaling at Madeira, will proceed to Lyttelton, New Zealand, without touching at the Cape. Unless the unexpected happens, the *Morning* should reach Lyttelton in November. There she will refit, make good defects, and fill up with coals and provisions, especially with as large a supply as possible of meat and fresh butter for the *Discovery's* people. She will leave Lyttelton in December and proceed to Cape Adare, searching the coast from there to Cape Crozier to find the records which Captain Scott, of the *Discovery*, was to leave in various places, and will endeavour, at the earliest possible moment, to establish communication with the latter ship, in which case Captain Scott will take over the command of both vessels. Our Photograph is by J. P. Coughlan, Arundel Street.

THE NATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION RELIEF SHIP

Sir Edward Blount might almost be called the father of French railways. In 1836, when, in England, nearly two thousand miles of railway had been built, the only line in France was one of some twenty-five miles in length, between Bâle and Strasburg. As a financier, he was able to help the French Government in starting the railway. He was the founder of the Paris-Rouen Railway, and for thirty years was its director. Not content with managing the business of the company, Sir Edward considered it necessary to learn the practical working and management of railway traffic. Accordingly he learnt engine-driving on the London and North-Western Railway, acting first as supernumerary, then as fireman, and for a month as driver. On the immense amount of work that fell upon his shoulders during the siege of Paris, of the great sacrifices he made both in his own comfort and money during those hundred and thirty days of horror and distress, we have no space to speak. The English Ambassador and his staff had left Paris before its investment, and the writer was appointed English Consul. He gives a vivid picture of the state of the city during this awful time, of the sufferings endured by the inhabitants. When peace was declared, and the capital re-victualled, worn out by hard work and bad food, he was only too glad to leave Paris. We must now refer our readers to the book itself for more detailed account of Sir Edward's long and varied career. From title-page to the end the work is of the greatest interest, and teems with amusing and valuable anecdotes.

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A book on the Norfolk Broads, written by so keen a sportsman as Mr. Everitt, is certain of a hearty welcome by the ever-increasing number of people who frequent these fascinating districts of East Anglia. In addition to the descriptive chapters on the Broads and useful hints on sailing, etc., the author gives most interesting accounts of the different methods of taking fish and fowl—methods which are peculiar to the district, such as spearing for butts (the local name for flounders), bobbing for eels, shooting over decoys, etc., and also some exciting and amusing pages on a "Co-operative Otter Hunt." He has also introduced some short stories, founded on fact, which illustrate the peculiarities of Broadland folk and sport. The volume contains much valuable information for intending visitors, and, moreover, includes some useful appendices on such matters as the by-laws of the Broads, the distances from place to place, the tides, etc., etc. The work is copiously illustrated, and will serve not only as an interesting guide, but to while away the hours of darkness or dampness.

* "Broadland Sport." Written and illustrated by Nicholas Everitt. (Everitt.)

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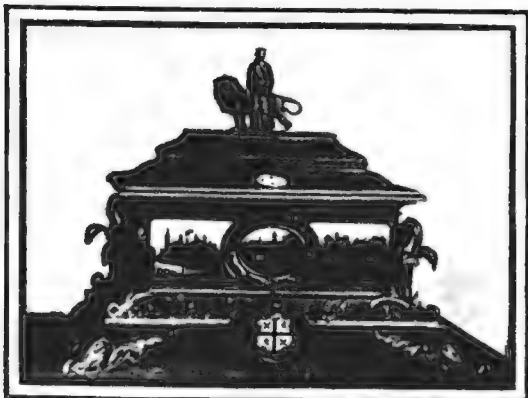
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From the Magazines

ENGLAND AFTER WAR

AN anonymous writer in the *Fortnightly* is a little anxious about whether we quite realise what is to come. He thinks that we have fought our last war of conquest, and touched the limit of expansion—in short, the expansion of England is finished. "What England has now to deal with is the enormous work of keeping a quarter of the globe, and a third of its population, permanently under the



This casket, which is solid silver gilt, has enamelled views on the front and is ornamented with the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, &c. in relief. It has a finely modelled group of St. Helen and Lion on the top, and the following inscription is engraved on the back: "County Borough of St. Helens, W. W. Pilkington, Mayor. Presented, together with the Freedom of the Borough, to the Right Honourable Richard John Seddon, Prime Minister of New Zealand, 1902." The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, through Mr. J. C. Mason, of St. Helens.

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO THE RT. HON. R. J. SEDDON BY THE BOROUGH OF ST. HELENS

control of the least numerous and prolific of its four principal white peoples, and it may safely be suggested that we have failed as yet to grasp the real magnitude and even the nature of the task to which we are committed." The writer, however, does not despair of our ability to surmount the difficulties before us; he only wants us to recognise them. With regard to the war, England is better for the experience, but he points out very clearly that we have not had a real test, such as a war with a European power would give us. The fighting material is as good as ever, and it has

been proved that we have a great leader of men and a great master of method. Still there is, of course, no real test for generalship, but its ability to cope with generalship, and we can make no absolute measure of the military ability of Lords Roberts and Kitchener in the absence of the tolerably certain criteria of generalship afforded by the conditions of European war between anything like fairly matched opponents.

In a struggle against a first-class Power, capable of offensive strategy, we should have had no time to eliminate incompetence and to sift out ability. Any European enemy would have pushed home with fatal effect such successes as were won by the Boers at the outset, and our general breakdown would have led at once to the irreparable catastrophe. This is the vital consideration which nothing that has occurred since General Buller's failures can alter. We have only succeeded in retrieving our reverses by the aid of unlimited time and unlimited numbers.

Again, the number of the surrenders, under circumstances where the effect upon our prestige was known to be of the most unfortunate character, remains a moral blot upon the war. There has been, on the other hand, a strange reluctance to force an issue by shedding blood.

Not only did General Buller show this trait in Natal, when he threw away in successive defeats a number of lives which would have secured victory if he had possessed the nerve to sacrifice them in any one action. Lord Roberts showed it at Paardeberg, where the prolongation of the bombardment gave the moral honours, after all, to Cronje, who stifled the Boers by a desperate example. If Lord Kitchener had been allowed to drive his attack home, even with a heavy cost of life, there can be little doubt that the short, stern way would have considerably contributed to our military prestige and the shortening of the war.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE ENGLISH NAVY

Herr Meyer's article on the English Navy, a translation of which appears in the *Contemporary*, should afford very interesting reading to those optimists who hold that all is for the best in the best of all possible Navies. Herr Meyer is a well-known writer on Naval subjects, and nothing could well be more savage or condemnatory than his strictures on our Fleet and its personnel. "Wholesale orders for guns and shells are given to Krupp and Ehrhardt (he says) because English guns and projectiles have given sorry results compared to those turned out by German companies, "which supply them first-class, uniform, and—what an Englishman never achieves—up to time, according to contract. Who supplies the steel for English swords and bayonets? Not Sheffield, not Enfield—far-famed centres of the English cutlery trade. No. Solingen has to supply it, for the English stuff bends and breaks. The brown powder also has been supplied for years by the Vereinigten Rheinisch Westfälischen Fabriken." Our ships, we are assured, are mostly obsolete, the best are inferior to the German, our personnel is hopelessly incompetent:—

In these days the English incendiarism in South Africa has tarnished the last remains of England's military glory and branded her name as infamous for all time. It has revealed to the world the shamelessness of the English character and an unscrupulousness which hesitates at nothing. He that has eyes to see let him see, and draw his own conclusion. In this war, commenced with injustice, criminal frivolity and offensive boasting—in every respect thoroughly English—the tenfold superior forces and immense resources have been found completely wanting as against a civilised enemy—a handful of heroes forsaken by everyone.

And the fleet will be found wanting in the same way. The trust in it is nothing more than indiscriminating and overwhelming self-conceit. There is nothing to be gained from numerical superiority alone. Apart from the number of ships, England's Navy will find a superior enemy in the marine of every Great Power which is abundantly provided with all that gives force at sea. The English will not listen; they deride and despise the plainest lessons and experiences of history. The coming collapse in a war with a Great European Power will at last and for ever demolish the old boast: "Britannia rules the waves."

When her Navy has broken down, the first and most important and the natural



This beautiful trophy was presented by the Regatta Committee for the Senior Eight, and was won by the Molesey R.C. The cup, which is of a graceful and original design, has delicately chased and appropriate ornamentation of bullrushes and water-lilies. It bears upon the obverse a central panel containing the arms of the Borough of Kingston chased in high relief, and surmounted by the Royal Crown, flanked on either side by similar panels, containing respectively reliefs of the ancient Coronation Stone at Kingston and Kingston Bridge. On the reverse the monogram of the Kingston Rowing Club is enamelled in colours, with the head of Father Thames chased in high relief on either side. The cup was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

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line of defence, the "silver streak," will be broken through for the first time never again to be closed or maintained. Then the adversary who has achieved this task will be able to dictate terms of peace in London.

Herr Meyer is frightfully incensed because the English Navy has been held up as a model, and friendship with England is considered by some of his countrymen to be advantageous; and he concludes with an eloquent appeal to the German people to unite in the war-cry of Germany: *Los von England*.

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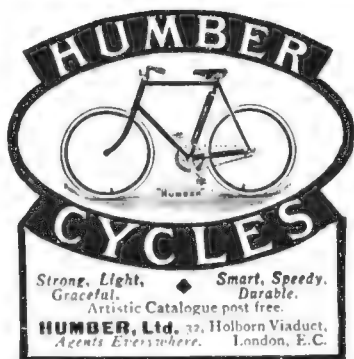


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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

A VISIT to the rich meadowlands of Somerset displayed the erstwhile grumbling farmer in a new light. Special cider was uncorked and sometimes a product more potent than cider to drink to "King and Coronation," the King's year being marked by the largest hay crop for many years, while the apple orchards are of splendid promise, and wheat has every chance of being a full average yield. In Sussex the wheat fields are in full bloom, and on the whole should yield four quarters to the acre. Kent is not quite so good, and East Anglia, the granary of England, is doubtful if either wheat or barley will be up to an ordinary year either in quantity or quality of corn. There will be a big yield of straw, but the grain wants settled weather, and the time of the corn to harden in the ear is now at hand. In the north all cereals promise well, and there should be some bumper yields of oats. In the Midlands barley is the worst of the crops. The root crops all over England are of quite magnificent promise; both swedes and man-golds are being set out. The main crop of potatoes is recovering from its bad reverses in early June, but is not of the highest promise. The forest trees are splendid all over the country; they look at mid-July as if in their early June beauty. In the suburbs acacias and sumachs have found the season favourable, and the beautiful catalpa is now in full flower.

ECHOES OF CARLISLE

Now that the critics are back again in London and judgments originally telegraphed from the north in haste are reconsidered at leisure, it appears that three or four impressions were general among "those who know." The Clydesdales among horses easily surpassed the Shires, the Shorthorns were the best of the cattle, the Galloways attracted an unusual amount of attention, the Border Leicesters were the feature of the sheep classes. Everyone agreed that the pigs were the best in type and quality seen at a Royal Show for many years. The attendance at the show was better in proportion on the dear than on the cheap days. The refreshment arrangements remain a blot on the show, being, for the most part, both dear and bad, while service is erratic and very slow. The implements were interesting, but comprise few novelties, and the adoption of motors into agricultural service proceeds, we are sorry to see, far more slowly in England than in France or even Russia.

AGRICULTURAL PRICES

Cattle and sheep have been selling well, lambs very well. The hot weather has, of course, caused pigs to be neglected, but it is difficult to see why calves should have been out of favour. With respect to meat, both beef and mutton are selling at prices which argue profit to both farmers and butchers. Wheat has kept well above thirty shillings ever since the Budget, but the remarkable exhaustion of the home crop accounts for the rise, and the figures only relate to home produce. The Government, in ignoring the

immense sales of foreign wheat, is creating a very erroneous notion as to the real level of agricultural values. Hops are rising in price, especially the better sorts. The poor promise of the growing crop is, of course, an aid to holders. Farm seeds favour buyers. Chilian red clover, and early French trifolium are the new items principally in evidence. Oilseeds, after a long period of dearth, are now cheaper to buy. At the wool sales held since July began the prices made show a slight average rise from last July. Southdown wool has fetched 8d. to 9jd. per lb., Hampshire 6jd. to 7jd. washed, and unwashed fleeces 4d. to 5d. per lb. Straw has been in good demand for thatching, bedding, and manufacturing purposes. Hay has recovered a little from the heavy decline at the end of June. Rice is a trifle dearer and the weakness of bran and middlings is less than it was a fortnight ago.

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The doctors, we fear, will have nothing to say to our favourite Roquefort, Gorgonzola, or even Brie cheese. As to Limburger, the very thought of it sends the medico to the laboratory for an antidote. Cheese, to be easy of digestion, should be eaten before it is more than a fortnight old. One can eat with advantage four or five times as much cheese which has not passed its fifteenth day as one can of cheese which, like a successful play, has seen its hundredth night. Farmers are interested in backing the medicos against the gourmets, for their interest is in a large quantity being sold, and the gourmet's cheese is rather a savoury to be just tasted at the end of a good dinner than a food and part of the meal itself.



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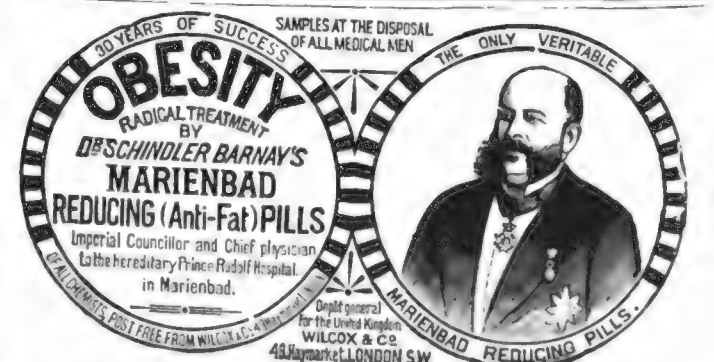
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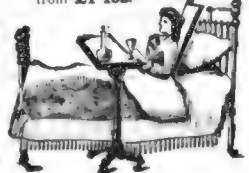
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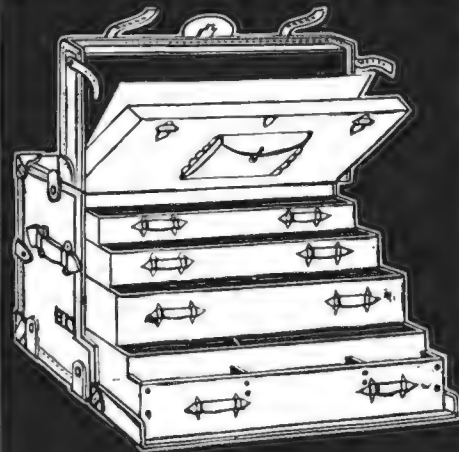
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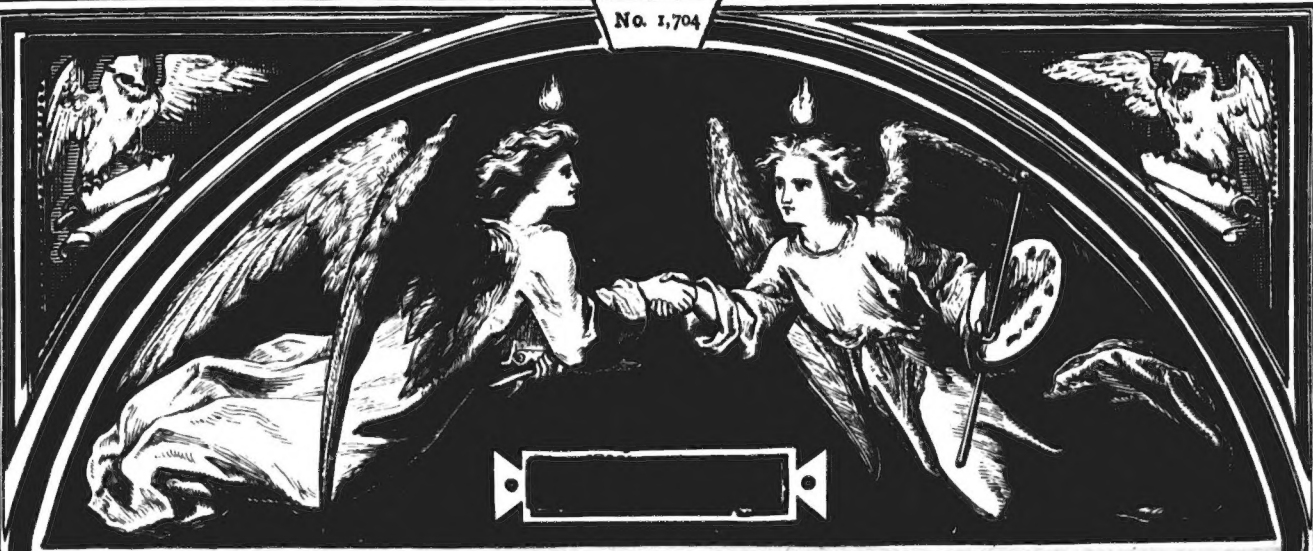
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